THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK 489	MUSIC: The Composer as Correspondent 502	REVIEWS—continued The Lure of Bird-Watching
Air and Politics 492 Counting the Chickens 493	LITERARY COMPETITIONS: Set by "Non Omnia" 503	Dinners Long and Short A Wayfarer in French Vine- yards
MIDDLE ARTICLES: A Letter from Oxford 494 Facts for Emigrants. From a	BACK NUMBERS—XCV 504 REVIEWS:	The Art of Dining Jipping Street
Correspondent 494 Palmerston and Gladstone. By A. A. B 496	Mr. Belloc at Large. By Edward Shanks 505	The Memoirs of Prince Max of Baden
At the Verdun Film. By J. B. Priestley 497	The Jesuit Enigma 505 The Central Americans 506 The Origin, Structure and	NEW FICTION. By L. P. Hartley Point Counter Point The Bishop's Wife
THE THEATRE:	Working of the League of Nations 507 Pax Britannica 507	The Desert Moon Mystery SHORTER NOTICES
Painted Russia. By Ivor Brown 499	From Paris to Locarno and After 507	MOTORING
"Le Style Coco" and Others. By Walter Bayes 501	A World Outlook 507 A Treasury of English Aphorisms 508	THE CITY

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

T the time of writing, the Anglo-French correspondence which led up to the illfated naval and military compromise has not been made available. It is reported that the delay is due in part to the care with which France is selecting the documents that are to be published. There should be no need to point out that much of the value of publication would disappear if the public were to feel that they had not been taken entirely into the confidence of the two Governments. There are plenty of people who are anxious to keep alive the belief that a secret Anglo-French entente exists and it would be folly to place in their hands weapons with which to carry on their campaign. Meanwhile, although we must be grateful for leakages which have warned this country in time, official communiqués from the Quai d'Orsay make it clear that Mr. Hearst and his representative, Mr. Horan, obtained their famous document in a way which casts the gravest discredit on their profession. The Anglo-American Press

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Association in Paris, which at first came to Mr. Horan's defence, are to be congratulated on ejecting him as soon as his real part in this shady business became known.

People who fondly imagined that because Mr. Hoover played so prominent a part in organizing food supplies in Belgium during the war he would look upon European difficulties with unusual sympathy must have been disillusioned by reports of the speech which he made at Boston on Monday last. Both he and Mr. Smith, the Democratic candidate, have made it clear that we can expect no change in the tariff policy of the United States; but Mr. Hoover's declaration on debts was as outspoken a reply to M. Poincaré's hint at Chambery a fortnight ago, that America might make concessions to facilitate a reparation settlement, as the French Premier could possibly hope-or, rather, hope not-to receive. It is time politicians on the Continent woke up to the fact that these debts have to be paid to the United States and had far better be paid without complaint; and that if ever concessions in respect of them are made they will be made only as the

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result of pressure from American public opinion, which will tend to grow stronger in proportion to the readiness of Europe to pay without whining.

The Prime Minister's speech to the cutlers of Sheffield last week had more significance than such ceremonial utterances usually have. Choosing the subject he did for the audience he had, his remarks must be taken as an important indication of Government policy. Mr. Baldwin was addressing the steel trade, one of the most depressed of our basic industries and one for which the doubtful blessing of safeguarding is in some quarters being ardently prescribed. What did the Premier tell it? That self-help must precede State-help. He urged upon this industry and upon industry in general the need of internal reconstruction-all that very definite process of re-organization and re-equipment which is implied by the vague word "rationalization"—before it applied for artificial assistance. This is such sound advice that it is good to hear it given even if it does no more than confirm the Government's policy as that was already understood.

Let those who would safeguard the steel and iron industry without more ado consider some of the likely consequences. Though they say it would not, it is more than probable that, as a result of safeguarding, the price of steel com-modities would rise. All the trades—and they are legion-depending on iron and steel for their raw material would be affected by the increase. What would the shipbuilders have to say to this, or the railways, or the farmers? And what the long-suffering consumer, called upon to pay more for his scissors and knives and nails? It would be next to impossible to put a tariff on imported steel and iron without raising the question of a general tariff, with all its attendant problems and dangers, not to mention its unpopularity with the electorate. The proper policy is first to give internal reform the chance to do its good work. If help is still needed when this has been done the time will have come to consider the question of safeguarding. At least let all that can be done without it be done first.

Tavistock, like Cheltenham, was a disappointment to the Liberals. To get within 173 ballotpapers of success with a Labour candidate filching 2,000 vital votes may be a moral victory, but Liberalism will need something more substantial than moral victories to make a showing in the next Parliament. The West must revert in a block to the Liberal faith if the party's hopes are to be realized; Tavistock offered no indication that the West has any such intention. Conservative vote was considerably down, but not seriously enough to warrant any suggestion of either a big Liberal revival or a big Government slump. So long as Labour and Liberals go on fighting one another in constituencies like this one, Conservatives will go on gaining advantage, but complacency over the situation so created would be misplaced. After Tavistock, Liberals will press harder than ever for a measure of electoral reform and will probably make it a condition of support if they find themselves in a key position when the General Election is over.

Conservatives who were to oppose such reform because the existing system happens for the time being to assist them would be guilty of serious short-sightedness. When some issue comes along on which Liberals and Conservatives find themselves ranged side by side in common opposition to Labour the system that now favours Conservatives will turn violently and even dangerously to their disadvantage. And if the Socialist Party proceeds on its logical course, the day when this happens must grow progressively nearer.

Lord Birkenhead's retirement from the Cabinet to "the City," announced, denied and reannounced during the last few weeks, is now an accomplished fact. His departure is a loss to the Government; despite a tendency towards irresponsibility of speech which he shared with certain other of his colleagues, his "first-class brain" was exceedingly useful in Cabinet counsel when clear-cut thinking and no nonsense were demanded. Lord Birkenhead has to his credit two brilliant pieces of constructive work: the reform of the property laws and the Irish settlement. It is easy to deplore the system that allows the best brains in politics to be tempted across to commerce by superior financial rewards, and indeed it is deplorable. But it is difficult to see how it can be effectively remedied-by however much the rewards of State service might be increased, commerce could always outbid them -and in any event Lord Birkenhead's case is exceptional. Not only has the man's nature made his requirements greater, but it is possible also that his active mind has been irked by the comparative dullness and ineffectiveness of the Upper Chamber as it is to-day compelled to exist, Lord Birkenhead was probably bored. It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened had Lord Birkenhead resisted the lure of the Woolsack and remained in the House of Commons.

There is nothing to be said on ordinary grounds against the perfectly natural appointment of Lord Peel to succeed Lord Birkenhead; but when we reflect that the all but impossible position of Great Britain in India is a consequence of the appointment of the late Mr. Montagu on Sir Austen Chamberlain's quixotic resignation over Mesopotamia, we are moved to ask whether this country cannot arrive at some wiser method of discharging its Indian duties and protecting its Indian interests. With constituencies ignorant of Indian affairs and a House of Commons usually bored by their discussion, a Secretary of State for India who means to have his own way can nearly always get it. If so much depends on the man placed at the India Office, why should the filling of that position be left to depend on the personal plans of a Minister wishing to change his profession or on the chances of a Cabinet reshuffle? So far as anything can be out of party politics, India is outside of party controversies. The problems of its peoples, who constitute three out of every four of the King's subjects, are too intricate and too far removed from our own to be grasped by any British politician in the interval between one deal of portfolios and the next, or perhaps even in the average period between General Elections.

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The shocking railway accident at Charfieldgrim name!—in which eleven passengers were burned to death and more than twenty injured, comes as the culmination of a bad year of accidents on British railways. It is the habit of Englishmen whenever a train disaster occurs to console themselves with the complacent reflection that we have the safest railways in the world. We have; but the Charfield holocaust has reminded us sharply that they are guilty of some glaring defects. Following the Hawes accident in 1910 the Board of Trade recommended that the railway companies should take steps to replace gaslighting in carriages with electricity. This, it has just been explained, the companies have been doing ever since. They have taken a long while about it. Fire and the telescoping of wooden coaches are the two chief causes of fatality in an accident: if the railways speeded up the re-equipment of their trains with electric light and steel coaches they would not only add enormously to the safety of travel, they would also be doing a much-needed good turn to two deserving industries, by the benefit to which they would themselves be among the first to profit.

The sudden offer by the Soviet Government of concessions of every sort to the foreign capitalist seems to mark an important change in Russia's policy. It is due, of course, to Russia's crying need of capital. The experiences of German and American business organizations in the past have certainly not been encouraging, and the recent decision of the Harriman Company to cut its losses and clear out of Russia will not facilitate the task of those Soviet agents who are hoping to interest Wall Street and the City. Stalin has consistently worked for closer co-operation with other countries, but we can hardly believe his Government would have made so sensational an attempt to get money were the food crisis and the general discontent not very serious indeed. In a fortnight Moscow will be celebrating the eleventh anniversary of the Bolshevist Revolution. It will be harder than ever to make the celebration seem spontaneous.

It is not our fault that the Home Secretary constantly comes in for criticism in these columns. His latest threat is perhaps the most dangerous to which he has yet exposed the country; it is nothing less than a Home Office censorship of books. Against a censorship of books on any terms there is a great deal to be said—the authorities have the remedy of the law at their disposal when liberty steps over into licence but against a censorship on the terms apparently contemplated by the Home Secretary there is everything to be said, and said strongly. The substance of these things was so said last Thursday by Mr. Geoffrey Faber, in an admirable letter to *The Times*. Sir William indicates that, if he has his if he has his way nothing shall be said or written which may make "one of the least of these little ones offend." "In other words"—we cannot do better than quote from Mr. Faber's letter— "the whole of the content of English literature is to be restricted in future to such stuff as Sin William thinks it safe to put into the hands of a schoolgirl." One other thing the Home Secretary said in the course of his remarks which,

though it has little to do specifically with the censorship of books, is an illuminating piece of psychology. Explaining that only if he had behind him the forces of the Christian Churches was he able to deal with his problems fearlessly and honestly, he praised the great work which the police were doing to assist them in their task. This tacit assumption that the police are the guardians of our morals may account for a good deal that has been happening recently.

So far the Police Commission has done little else than assist at an orgy of self-praise. The quality of whitewash has not been strained. The country will be doubly relieved that Sir William Horwood is retiring now that he has told them he would like to have more power for the police, and thinks they should have right of entry into clubs as they have into public-houses. To do him justice, Sir Leonard Dunning, though he could find nothing wrong with the police or the system, said he would be sorry to see the introduction of any new powers of visit. "A club in theory is a man's private house, and I don't want any invasion of the private house of anybody." Sir Leonard also said at another stage of his evidence that "there was no doubt that D.O.R.A. had weakened the doctrine that the burden of proof rested on the prosecution." We are getting on—but we have still a long way to go.

In view of a hint we dropped last week it is interesting to note the suggestion that has been made from within the trade that next year there should be no motor show, and that the gap should be filled by an intensive "push" by British manufacturers in the overseas markets. There are no signs as yet that the home supply of motor-cars has reached saturation-point, but there are grounds for thinking that in recent years attention has been rather too exclusively riveted on the home market and that demand from the Dominions and Crown colonies has not been as enterprisingly met as it might have been. It is only fair to recognize that British manufacturers are hampered in this respect by the tax on horsepower which compels them to concentrate on turning out low-powered engines, a type not suitable to outside requirements. The substitution for this tax of a higher petrol tax would at a stroke give greater justice to the motorist at home and enable the makers more readily to meet the demands of the motorist overseas.

Should the President of the Royal Academy happen to have genius, that is an additional though rather dangerous qualification: the essential things are that he should be a man of dignified personality, popular, and possessed of administrative talent. With this in mind, Sir Frank Dicksee may be described as an excellent head of the Royal Academy. His purely artistic gifts were respectable; indeed, before his always somewhat thin vein of poetical feeling failed him, and even later in his portraits, he several times produced work to which the epithets sound and pleasing could be applied without reservation. If his dislike of modern tendencies in art was extreme, it was honest. His death is a real loss to the Academy and to a very wide circle of friends, including many who profoundly disagreed with him on matters of art.

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AIR AND POLITICS

HE voyage of the Zeppelin to America was a notable though not a unique adventure. It has proved that one can travel to America in an airship at greater expense with less comfort and in more time than in the Mauretania. Perhaps it has also proved that the airship is not a mere fair-weather craft, for though she deviated at least two thousand miles from her course she was not quite successful in avoiding a storm and came through it fairly well. But even a greatly improved airship will never safely weather such storms as are frequent in the North Atlantic in winter, and deviation, whether necessary for safety or merely prudent, must destroy any advantage in speed that the airship may have and any chance of regularity of service. The airship therefore is not to be regarded as a competitor of the steamship, at any rate in the North Atlantic.

On the easterly routes of travel conditions are more favourable, for the weather is more settled and calculable, and owing to the configuration of the land the voyage by air anywhere in the Old World is much shorter than by sea. The airship for the greater part of the year might have a very considerable advantage in speed, but whether there will be a sufficient number of people for whom time is more important than comfort to make an airship service to the East commercially profitable is open to doubt. That a service will not pay a financial profit is not of course a decisive argument against it, for there are forms of profit which cannot be assessed in terms of money. It might, for example, be well worth while for this country to subsidize airship travel very heavily if thereby it could reduce the time that divides this country from India and Australia; for distance is after all a grave handicap to friendship and political union. Perhaps the development of the telephone may help to reduce it, but the number of people who will ever telephone half way round the world is limited. Letters and newspapers are infinitely numerous bonds of union and if the airship can shorten the mail passages it will be an Imperial service of considerable value. Nor is the advantage of such a service confined to the termini, for a trunk airship line might have many feeders by aeroplane,

Long-distance air travel must, as far as one can see ahead, be regarded as a political rather than a commercial speculation, and therefore this country, whose political partners are scattered all over the world, should be more keenly interested in its development than any other. On long-distance flights the aeroplane is to be regarded rather as a branch of athletics than as commercial or even political transport, and on short local flights its civil development is evidently not likely to be as rapid as was once thought.

Its value for civil purposes depends almost entirely on our solving the problem of vertical ascent or descent. When that is done, it will make the most startling revolution in travel that the world has yet seen. The virtual disappearance of the tour. ing car and the universality of the saloon prove that motoring has ceased to be a holiday recreation and has become the ordinary means of locomotion. Despite the multiplication of motor charabancs the best way of travelling to and from places more than forty miles apart is still the railway, and it is only below that distance that the motor-car is a really serious competitor of the There is nothing more tedious and railway. exhausting than a very long journey by road in a closed car; railway travel over distances which give one time to read and settle down to a little work is by comparison a luxury. All that will be changed when the problem of vertical ascent is solved, for the aeroplane is as much faster than travel by car on the road as that is than travel on a pack-horse, and a journey of two hundred miles by aeroplane when it can take off from your front lawn or the flat top of your house will be as much a matter of course for the middle-class man as motoring from Wimbledon to his office in the City is now. These developments, however, are not yet in sight, and the aeroplane, too, like the airship, except on a few favoured routes or as a form of athletics or for the eccentric millionaire who can afford to keep his own aeroplane and his own stations, is an instrument of politics and of the State rather than of the private individual, When we get vertical ascent, the whole face of the world will be changed. We shall all become birds in the same sense in which we are now all

There has been endless speculation on the changes that the aeroplane has made and will make in the art and the circumstance of war. It has already abolished the difference between combatant and non-combatant and dried up the Narrow Seas, at any rate for the purposes of war. changes are trifling compared with the changes that would follow if as many of us owned our own aeroplanes as now own motor-cars. Could we, for example, maintain the customs offices to any purpose if international travel were free to take Would not frontiers any line through the air? become quite obsolete except for the purposes of local administration? We might maintain our national government on the ground, but even if it were good law that a nation's territory, like a man's ownership of his land, extended from hell below to heaven above, nations would be no more able to prevent trespass on their air than is the average private citizen now. The change is not noticeable now because air traffic must follow certain well-defined routes, but with vertical ascent that would not be necessary. In effect the superincumbent air would be common international territory like the sea outside the three-mile limit. Would it not be wise to recognize the fact betimes before we are all flying men and the discovery of vertical ascent has created vast new problems for the politicians? The principle that should be established is that above a certain height the air is It would an international highway like the sea. follow that all air stations should be denationalized, for without such a regulation air travel would cease in time of war. It is of little use to have direct air ly

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The parallel between the sea outside the three-mile limit and the air above is exceedingly close, and should be expressed in our codes of international law. There are some who look forward to a joint guarantee by England and America of the "freedom of the seas," if a satisfactory definition of that term can be reached, and who on that account regard the idea of naval rivalry between our two countries as the blackest cloud that could come over the prospects of future peace. Would it not be well to have an international guarantee of that freedom of the air above? It might be local at first, and concluded between friendly nations, but gradually it could be extended to cover the whole upper air round the world. If hostile operations except in the neighbourhood of two combatant armies were forbidden in the neutralized upper zone of the air, the discovery of flight would be a blessing for mankind instead of being, as the next great war would make it, a curse, and the air and the sea together would be the great peacemakers between

COUNTING THE CHICKENS

LEET STREET has been busy this last fortnight with calculations and prophecies regarding the consequences of a Conservative defeat at the General Election. It began with Mr. Lansbury at Birmingham declaring passionately that on no account would Labour have any truck with the "decadent remains of Liberalism" and continued through a succession of denials and disclaimers from one side and the other up to Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Yarmouth last Nor has it stopped with that. Instead of Mr. Lloyd George's speech, which had been rather expectantly awaited because it had been rumoured that it would announce a definite postelectoral policy for Liberalism, settling the matter one way or the other, it has set the peculators more actively to work than ever. Will the Liberals hold the balance? If so, on which side will they cast their weight? Mr. Lloyd George put Labour in power? Has there been, can there be, any arrangement between Labour and Liberals, to take effect either before or after the polls?

The first thing to be noticed about all this pother is that it presupposes a Conservative defeat. Nothing has yet happened in Parliament or in the country that suggests any such probability. The Government will certainly lose a large number of seats: they were elected on a scare issue which gave them the support of many who would not normally vote Conservative and will not do so at the next election; they will have been in office for five years, and the pendulum will take its usual swing; in any event it will be good for both the efficiency and the sprightliness of the Government that their present unwieldy majority should be materially reduced. But the course of recent by-elections—by no means an infallible guide, to be sure, but not wholly fallible either, and the only one to be had—has not given any indication of a complete and decisive turn-over. On present calculations—

anything may happen between now and next summer—it seems much less likely that the Conservatives will be in a minority than that they will find themselves back in Parliament with a small but sufficient majority—say anything between thirty and sixty seats. That will make the new Government's life precarious, but it will make politics a much livelier and more real affair. It is strange how this presupposition that the Government are doomed has penetrated into unlikely corners. Even the Conservative newspapers are writing as though it were a foregone conclusion. This defeatist atmosphere is one highly dangerous to the preliminaries of a General Election and is just now the most serious menace with which the Party organizers have to contend. It is probably not deliberate but it indicates an unconscious tendency of thought that might do more than anything else to bring about the result

it contemplates.

There is, then, a certain unreality about all these discussions because they start with a questionable premiss. But supposing that premiss to be justified by events, what is likely to be the upshot? If the Liberals do indeed find them-selves in the coveted position of "dictators," what will be their line of action? At Yarmouth Mr. Lloyd George derided and abused both the other parties, declared that Liberals would fight as Liberals pure and undefiled, and seemed to be challenging Conservatives and Socialists alike to uncompromising warfare. He even in a moment of temerarious expansion spoke of the possibility of a Liberal administration. But it would be dangerous to judge of his or Labour's ultimate intentions by the brave words that leaders use to encourage their followers at these annual jamborees. The Liberal leader said that the jamborees. net is spread in vain in the sight of a bird that has been caught before (this, incidentally, is not scientifically true: the brute creation does not learn so quickly by trial and error, particularly if the bait is succulent—and politicians are notoriously greedy), but he also said that he rejoiced in the knowledge that there is " a vast and fertile territory common to men of progressive minds" which they could agree to cultivate together; which rather looks as though already his mouth were watering in anticipation of the worm under the snare. On the other side, despite Mr. Lansbury, Mr. Snowden has been saying much the same sort of thing, only a good deal more definitely; while even a left-wing Socialist like Mr. Brailsford has openly suggested that if Labour finds itself without a clear majority but strong enough to form a Government with Liberal support, it "would be wise to offer some seats in its Cabinet to Liberals."

In calculating probabilities it is necessary to distinguish between window-dressing and reality. The chances of a Liberal-Labour pact before the election are remote to the point of non-existence, if only for the reason that neither side could at this stage induce enough of its aspiring candidates to retire from the fray. But while the Liberals will thus go to the country as Liberals without reservation or predestination—will, in fact, offer themselves to the electorate as an alternative Government—nothing has so far been said or done to prevent them or the Labour Party from approaching one another afterwards.

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There remain, however, three considerations. The first and the most likely is the one to which we have already alluded, namely, that the situation will not arise, a Conservative majority being again returned. The second is that the Liberals will not find themselves at Westminster in sufficiently enlarged numbers to be able to strike a decent bargain with Labour. The third is that, if they do, Mr. Lloyd George will split his party once again by expecting them to run in harness with the Socialists. This last is a possibility which is by no means remote and might have far-reaching consequences.

A LETTER FROM OXFORD

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Oxford, October 15

LTHOUGH the successful Vice-Chancellorship A of Dr. Pember is to continue, the begins its new year to some extent under new of Dr. Pember is to continue, the University management. Of Lord Grey as Chancellor it is still too soon to speak. Three colleges are without their former heads, Hertford only for the term (while Sir Walter Riddell is away reforming the University of Ceylon), and Magdalen and Exeter for good, through the retirement of Sir Herbert Warren and Dr. Farnell. The new foundation, St. Peter's, in New Inn Hall Street, has been fairly launched and is already aspiring to the status of a Hall. That will not, pre-sumably, bring it into any closer union than the other religious foundations such as Campion, Wycliffe and St. Benet's Hall or Manchester and Mansfield Colleges already enjoy, in which case it is more likely to influence the evangelical movement than the University itself. Among the professors the sudden death of Pro-fessor H. W. C. Davis leaves a conspicuous gap; he was an indefatigable worker, with the rare distinction of being equally good as a scholar, teacher and administrator in his exacting post. He is succeeded as Regius Professor of Modern History by another medievalist, Mr. F. M. Powicke.

With something like 250 candidates a year for Finals the History School is now the most important, at any rate numerically; Greats still has more prestige, and attracts on the whole more first-rate men. But a First in Schools never has been an entirely satisfactory criterion, and certainly is not so now, when the anomalies of the system are beginning to demand early correction. Not only are there proportionately far more Firsts awarded in Greats than in History, but the odds against a First in History are said to be about twelve times greater at Oxford than at Cambridge. One First to every two dozen candidates means not only a high standard but an arbitrary one, with the result that each summer quite a handful who really deserve a place in the highest class are deprived of it, after a viva and a good deal of hesita-tion on the part of the examiners. For those who take their class in Schools seriously this is a real injustice which, in the opinion of many tutors and headmasters, will have to be remedied sooner or later.

Another overdue reform is the abolition of the viva in such examinations as the History Preliminary, following the example set some time ago by Honour Mods. This, for a majority of the candidates, involves a costly and inconvenient journey up to Oxford in the middle of the vacation for the purpose of answering two or three futile oral questions which do not in the least affect their fate. The only reason for their retention appears to be the vested interest of the examiners, who would lose a certain amount in fees by their discontinuance; no doubt the traffic returns

of the Great Western would suffer in the same way, but University examinations ought to be better able to justify their existence. A similar anachronism is "Divvers," in which quite a handful of unfortunates who failed to distinguish themselves in Scripture in the School Certificate or otherwise are periodically ploughed, without the least benefit to themselves or the cause of learning. A compulsory Biblical test might surely be quietly dropped without scandalizing the pious.

As usual, the City Council has made hay while the sun shone during the vacation. On the petition of the local florists (inspired of course by pure public spirit) they have banished from the main thoroughfares of Oxford the sellers of flowers and other unconsidered trifles who, numbering something like half a dozen, were found an intolerable obstruction to traffic They appear to have taken no action against the beggars who are the real curse of Oxford, perhaps from fellow-feeling as parasites on the University, or more likely because half the local children make the streets almost impassable with their importunities on every possible occasion. In the same spirit they have improved the amenities of the Broad for traffic and human beings by a double car-park which makes almost unrecognizable Oxford's one surviving Trinity has lodged a protest, the Vice-Chancellor has adjured them in Latin " to remove this pest from our midst" and *The Times* has gone so far as to call the innovation "regrettable"; but there is no sign or likelihood that it will ever be removed. Alternative sites have been suggested in Beaumont Street and at the Gloucester Green Cattle Market, but as the only practicable alternative to the Broad is for the Corporation to acquire and maintain a parking place at their own expense, it stands to reason that the Broad must have it.

It is not the custom of the Corporation to spend money on anything which can be done at the exp of the University or the amenities of Oxford, and there is no reason to suppose that they will depart in this instance from their traditional policy over, for example, the provision of a museum or open spaces. It seems to be overlooked that they already possess in St. Aldate's a temporary car park which it is important to keep open for the sake of the view of Christ Church, but which they have resolved to sell as a building site. It would be unreasonable to expect any thing else from a body of elderly men whose foresign does not extend farther than their own counters, but this is surely going to test the mettle of the much-advertised Oxford Preservation Trust. Will it exercise the influence it claims to have by making itself the effective agent of an almost unanimous, (for Oxford) remarkably strong, public opinion against the permanent disfigurement of the Broad? No doubt

we shall soon see.

FACTS FOR EMIGRANTS

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

AM an Englishman with twenty years' residence The following contains the results in Canada. of my experience and observations as a settler, which may be of some value to other Englishmen thinking of coming here. As I live in British Columbia I shall naturally have to refer more especially to conditions in this province. In all references to money I have changed the Canadian dollar currency into its English equivalent. The new emigrant's chief difficulties the condition of the condi culty will be to grasp the size of this enormous country, with which so much else here is in proportion. This province alone comprises 372,630 square miles, more than the combined areas of France and Germany, and has a population of about 500,000 only,

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150,000 of whom are resident in one city alone, Vancouver. From north to south the province is 1,200 miles, and 650 miles across.

I will first take the case of a man arriving in Van-buyer with employment as his objective. He purcouver with employment as his objective. He purchases a daily paper and turns to "Men Wanted." Having digested this he notices a small crowd outside some offices labelled "City Relief," and wonders why it should be necessary to give charity jobs, food and clothes to able-bodied men in a city calling for emigrants. He is told that this aid is only for residents and, in the first instance, for married men. The work given is principally on the streets and the wages afford a bare existence. At present the city is going to considerable expense to advertise in other parts of the Dominion that men must not come here during the winter as there is no work for them, but our friend from overseas has been told to come. Another crowd is around the "Loggers' Employment" office. He is there told that there are few jobs, with many applicants for each, and anyway only experienced men are needed. This experience it would take him years to obtain. What can he do? Farming, clerical work, fishing, mining—is he a skilled artisan, carpenter, mason, engineer, painter or such? Or is he just one of the unskilled, any-old-job men? If he is the latter, it were a thousand times better that he should remain at home, for hundreds of the skilled are searching desperately for work and from averaging the ing desperately for work, and from experience they know where to look.

Suppose he is one of the lucky ones and gets a job at the average rate of 1s. 7d. per hour. (The value of this sum will be shown later.) A "hired man" on a farm may get from £5 to £10 a month and board, but most of such work is temporary—that is, during the busy seasons. The Prairie Provinces need this class of labour most, and during the harvest weeks excursion rates are in force from all parts and wages are good, averaging £1 a day. So much for the farm hand. The clerical hand and shop-assistant are not needed here at all. I believe that even Government propaganda states this. Skilled artisans are well paid, up to 21s. a day, but with so many for every job a man may have a long and expensive wait, even if he is eventually successful. As for factory hands—in all Vancouver I should hesitate to say there are 1,000 jobs available, though there are more openings for such labour in other parts of the Dominion: Ontario and Quebec. At present, then, there is little chance for the wage-earner and much risk; no Government employ-ment office can find a job that does not exist. Bear this in mind. We have not work for the men now

here, in spite of all that has been said.

House property in Vaucouver has fallen in value. Tax arrear sales are regular. Few properties could realize the amount they are assessed at, but some day this will be a great city, and a man who could buy and wait might find it profitable. But he must be wary of the multitude of "real estate" boosters, who have reduced such sales to a fine art. Safe mortgages realize eight per cent. The average house here is built to cost from £800 to £2,000, plus value of the land, and can be let at from £7 to £10 a month. All taxes are paid by the owner, and are rapidly rising. There seems to be a fair demand for houses. For the emigrant coming out as a small shopkeeper I see little hope, anyhow until he has learned our business methods, which are very different from those obtaining methods, which are very different from those obtaining in England, especially our perpetual system of "Sales under cost," "Fire sales," "Great bankrupt stock sales," etc., etc. Mining is always a risk, though this country is a mineral Golconda and very little prospected. In this work an experienced man might profit much. We have many rich and prosperous mines, with far too great a proportion of American capital. These might interest the investor.

There is no objection here to an Englishman, who is assured of a hearty welcome and will find that a

very large percentage of us are his fellow-countrymen. He will find Scottish, Irish and Welsh clubs. But he must honestly accept his new environment and not tell people of "how they did it in the old country." The churches are much alive, and, joining his special one, he will soon get to know people. I do not think he will find our ideas of hospitality quite those he has left. He will be welcome when invited, but less so if he cannot play bridge. The chief effort is to get all events in the "paper," and the long-suffering "society editor" is expected to notice that Mrs. Jones has returned from a visit to a reighbourier. Jones has returned from a visit to a neighbouring village, or that Mrs. Brown gave a tea for Mrs. Robinson, on the same page that reports a visit of the Prince of Wales.

The English "public-house" sociability is unknown. We have, instead, funereal so-called "Beer parlours," in which you can sit down and drink a glass of trails.

in which you can sit down and drink a glass of truly frightful beer, but, if you bought a cigar with it, that would be illegal. In case you need more ardent refreshment you go to the Government liquor store, pay 8s. for a licence, and select your brand, paying about £1 per bottle according to quality. It is illegal to open this except in your own room. "Movie" theatres are excellent, but films are mostly American. Lately we were shown the U.S. Fleet winning the Battle of Jutland. We are not always as bad as this: a few English dramatic shows come here, but it is surprising they are so few, considering their invariably excellent reception. Outdoor sports cover all English games and we have the finest coast in the world for yachting.

Class distinctions are very different and there is an absolute lack of the master and servant idea. At a pulp mill near here, a few weeks ago, I met an English college man digging trenches—the only job he could find-but when his work for the day was ended he was treated in every way as the social equal of the superintendent. Our only aristocrats are the numerous Government officials; alas! their name is Legion, and

their labour light.

A single man can get a furnished room for £4 a month, and meals average 1s. to 1s. 6d. Married men can get an unfurnished house from £7, but many can get an uniurnished house from £7, but many can be bought by a small cash payment and the balance as rent. Hotels charge about 5s. a day for a room. Clothes are fairly cheap—especially if some of the numerous sales are attended—and this also applies to food. For those engaged at a pulp mill or mine, there is a common bunk-house and also a purply of available of available and also a purply of a purp supply of excellent meals at a cost averaging 5s. 6d. daily. Wages are usually paid twice a month, with living costs deducted. An Englishman will find no favours as such, but just an even chance with men of many other nationalities, including Orientals. Farmers who come with money to start themselves can get, both here and also in the Prairie Provinces, 160 acres free, with a clear title to them after certain residence and reasonable improvement.

This sounds splendid, and many have done well, but the abandoned farms and houses are numerous and tell a different tale. The farmer emigrant must have sufficient cash to live upon for at least two or three years and to buy machinery, stock, etc., as well as to build and furnish a house. He may get a job to help him out, but he cannot rely on it. He must also be prepared for much loneliness. The land chosen must be suitable for the class of farming proposed and where the produce can be sold when raised-that is, near a railway and with a market not too far disis, near a railway and with a market not too far distant from his shipping point. There is not a town every few miles as in England, and in this province you can count the larger towns on the fingers of your two hands; in fact, there are only two distributing centres, Vancouver and Victoria. In raising vegetables there is little chance to compete against the Chinese gardeners, who both grow and sall at a the Chinese gardeners, who both grow and sell at a price no white man can equal. They are here in

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swarms and prosper where the white man would starve. The apple-growing industry has attracted many Englishmen, who have much money invested in it. Last year they claimed that they averaged 5s. a box gross, less cost of picking, boxes, etc. The interior has good grazing land, but one cannot get milk to market and has to rely upon the sale of meat. Eggs fetch 1s. 8d. a dozen in Vancouver at present, and grain costs 11s. a sack. With the exception of free land, what advantage do we offer you?

I do not write to prejudice this land, and have no aim but to state facts as I see them. We have land, timber, coal, copper, gold and other minerals in British Columbia in sufficient quantities to support millions in comfort, with a climate that seems ideal to me, but at present we are unable to take advantage of it. Look at it how you will, there is more labour here at present than we can use and what we have should plainly be absorbed before more is brought in. Government assistance cannot find openings that do not exist, and in any case such aid should first be given to those now here. One of our problems is to stop the exodus to the United States; such a leakage in our population would not occur if conditions here were flourishing. If I can be of any assistance to anyone, I will gladly reply to any letters the Editor may forward.

PALMERSTON AND GLADSTONE * By A. A. B.

Thas been said that Carlyle preached silence in thirty volumes. Mr. Guedalla takes ten closely-printed pages to prove the prolixity of his brother biographers. The Introduction to the Correspondence of the great men is in the writer's best style. It is indeed "a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets," only upon my palate at least it produces a "crude surfeit." "For no age was quite so dull as the standard work upon it"; "the yawn, which is our customary tribute, is the best evidence that one more historian has failed in his duty"; "life is neither a cardindex nor a protracted obituary notice"; "the smoking ruins of the art of poetry attest its glorious activity"; are not these flashing phrases a little tiring to the mental eyesight? Are we to infer that Mr. Guedalla yawns over Froude, and finds Macaulay a bore? I should love to send Mr. Guedalla 'Gulliver's Travels' or 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' that he might feel the force of simple, straightforward prose. An ounce of Goldsmith would sweeten his style amazingly—but I know he would not read them.

With the argument of the Introduction, that most recent biographies are too long, I agree; but why need Mr. Guedalla be so rude to his fellow-workers in the same vineyard? For all his superiority Mr. Guedalla is guilty of the solecism of writing "forgo," which I do not think any of the biographers whom he despises would commit. His rudeness to Mr. Buckle is so studied as to be laughable. Not content with describing what I for one consider the finest political biography yet written as "Six lumbering pantechnicons," only saved from oblivion (but how?) by the fanciful sketch of M. Maurois, he treats Mr. Monypenny as the sole author of Disraeli's Life, though he must be perfectly aware that Mr. Buckle wrote four of the volumes. No rule can be laid down about the proper length of a biography, which must depend upon the subject and its treatment. Lord Ronaldshay's biography of Lord Curzon, and all the

Lives mentioned by Lord Oxford, except those of Gladstone and Disraeli, namely, Granville, Devonshire, Clarendon, Salisbury, Argyll, Ripon, Dilke and Lytton, I will add Campbell-Bannerman and Harcourt, are too long, because the subjects were not in the small class of great men, and the second-rate nature of the matter is not redeemed by the pen of genius. The three volumes of Gladstone seem too long because Morley at his best is not a lively writer, because he was hurried, and because Gladstone, great man as he was, had the knack of being tiresome only too often. Having read the six volumes of Mr. Buckle more than once, I maintain there is not a dull chapter in any of them. How can anything about Disraeli be dull?

Mr. Guedalla prefers M. Maurois to Mr. Buckle, and the difference is not one of taste but of technique. The little volume of M. Maurois on Disraeli is the pendant of Mr. Guedalla's monograph on Palmerston, to which the present volume of correspondence is a supplement or appendix. What is that technique? M. Maurois has all the French vivacity, which he employs in picking out Disraeli's matrimonial adventures, in spoiling by attempting to translate his epigrams, and in making fun, more Gallico, of his senile amorousness. Of politics there is hardly a page. Mr. Guedalla has written a short volume on a statesman whose public life lasted more than half a century. Personally, I enjoyed the little book immensely, but then I happened to be equipped with previous knowledge. for instance, a bare allusion in passing to the Spanish marriages, one of the most important of Palmerston's affairs, which must be Chinese to ninety per cent. of readers to-day. No one, who is not very well up in the history of the first half of last century, can taste, or even follow, Mr. Guedalla's hop, skip and jump style. There is the charming picture of Pam talking over with Emily the success of the last reception at Cambridge House, and there is the last scene, touched with masterly art, of the mutton-chop and glass of port for breakfast. A lady with whom I was discussing the question the other day, said, "O! but I love to read about Dizzy and Lady Bradford, and Pam's mutton-chop and glass of port. I don't care a rap about the politics." Quite so, and they are the people about the politics." Quite so, and they are the people who make a good seller. But then I submit that the technique of M. Maurois and Mr. Guedalla is that of the film artist, not of the historical biographer. The question really resolves itself into this: for whom are political biographies written? For those that flutter through the library lists, or for those who take a

The Commentary which introduces the Correspondence is excellent, so good as to render the reading of the letters almost unnecessary. For with one or two exceptions Mr. Guedalla picks out all the plums from the suet. But letters without any explantion can be very provoking. There is a letter from Palmerston about the heavy fees, ranging from £600 to £1,000, payable by Knights of the Garter on installation, mentioning five peers who could not afford to pay, and recommending that the officials of the Order should be paid by the Treasury. An interesting point: but what happened? There is a letter from Gladstone about a visit paid to him by Jowett, relative to some dispute with the University. I want to know what was the quarrel about, and how was it settled? Mr. Guedalla does not think it his business to satisfy my curiosity. He says in effect, "I have given you in another book my picture of Palmerstom without bothering you with footnotes or letters. If you want such stuffy things as facts and dates and correspondence, I have shovelled them into a separate volume, which you may please yourself about reading and which you must explain for yourself." This is the new method, which I admit has advantages for people in a hurry. I prefer the old method so successfully practised by Trevelyan and others of stitching letters together with words of explanation.

^{*} Gladstone and Palmerston, by Philip Guedalla. Gollancz, 16s.

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The Correspondence tells of an argle-bargle fight for six years between a Prime Minister and his Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had nothing in common except their sympathy with Italy. Palmerston was in favour of fortifications, ironclads, as they were called, and as large an army and militia as we could raise. He believed that the French hated us at the bottom of their hearts, and told the Queen that it was better to lose Cobden than Portsmouth. He hated the very name of parliamentary reform, and was quite determined that the franchise should not be extended while he lived. Gladstone, who was twenty-five years younger than his chief, held contrary views on both these subjects, and fought for reductions in the naval estimates with a pertinacity that tried the old man sorely. The industry of the two correspondents, parsorely. The industry of the two correspondents, particularly of Palmerston in his eightieth year, is prodigious. Very interesting is the Prime Minister's insistence on the solidarity of the Cabinet, and his rebuke of Gladstone's appeals from the Cabinet to the mob. The zeal for economy and the discipline of the Cabinet have long ago passed away, to the peril of the State.

AT THE VERDUN FILM

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

T T was very kind of the Gaumont Company to invite me to the Marble Arch Pavilion last Monday night, to see the great film ' Verdun.' I don't know why they did it. Most of the other guests seemed to be political and military men. (And the number of military bigwigs who look like first cousins of Alice's White Knight is surprising.) There were hardly any literary gents there, though I did catch sight of one famous novelist. I will not tell you his name; I will only say that I kept wondering what he thought about this tragic shadow show, whether it was inducing in him firstclass sensations or merely second-class sensations, and how his human machine was running that night. I also caught a glimpse of the pale and handsome face of Sir Philip Gibbs, and thought it was very clever of the management to have him there, for where there is a war-and there is a war in 'Verdun'-there must be Sir Philip Gibbs. Altogether it was a very curious evening, and I am grateful to the film company for having

presented me with it.

The evening began like a party. The Marble Arch Pavilion was at home to you; it was dressed up; you were dressed up; and from 8.15 to 8.30 you bobbed and smiled at one another. Everybody looked about to see if friends were present, and if they were present then there was a lot of Excuse Me's and crossing over and How D'You Do's and handshakings. At the end of the evening the party atmosphere was intensified. We were all very festive indeed, at the expense of the film company. We ate sandwiches, nibbled petit fours, accepted large cigars, and floated happily on a tide of Pol Roger 1916. The military gentlemen unbent and looked as if they were letting out a number of those secrets that have been public property since 1918. The youngish women (I suspected that they were concocters of gossip paragraphs for the penny papers) who had stalked in so fiercely earlier in the evening now looked very gay indeed, and behaved as if they were amiable cockatoos. Gentlemen connected with the management, gentlemen with the broadest of smiles above their white ties, walked from group to group, Pol Roger in hand, and gave the impression that it

was everybody's birthday.

I myself was very happy, chiefly because I had discovered the identity of a certain member of the company, a ruddy, handsome, rather distin-guished looking man. For ten minutes I puzzled my head about him, knowing very well that I had met him somewhere, and I should have gone home miserable if I had not suddenly recollected that he had once brought me tea at the Haymarket Stores, and was indeed their ruddiest and most handsome waiter. It was a very jolly party. What a life these film critics must have if every big picture is launched on such golden tides of champagne and wreathed about with such smoke of Havana! If this is the way an austere war film is introduced, what happens when a picture of a girl's life in the cabarets of New York is brought over here? This is something they never mention in their solemn film notes. They might at least give us poor outsiders a hint of the brands employed, thus: "The latest night life comedy,
'Naughty Sadie' (Bollinger 1912 and Corona
Corona) was shown privately yesterday." When these fellows think of reviewers, dusty, thirsty, compelled to buy and smoke an inferior Navy Cut, they must chuckle.

What was so odd, however, about last Monday night was the contrast between the beginning and end of the evening and what happened between. When we had nodded and smiled and settled in our seats, the lights went out and we found ourselves back again in the War, the War with the capital letter, the real one. 'Verdun' is a master-piece. It is the work of a man and an artist. It does not show you the military and amorous antics of a crowd of actors, actresses and dressed-up supers, assisted by a few men from the local firework factory; it shows you the War. It has been conceived in no narrow and catchpenny spirit of nationalism-the Germans are as sympathetically treated as the French and English-and it has been carried out with real imagination and amazing skill. The difference between 'Verdun' and the average American war film, such as 'The Big Parade,' is the difference between the Eroica and 'Over There' or 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.' The success enjoyed by 'The Big Parade' was a disgrace to the English public, who ought to have had more sense. That film may have dealt with a war, but if it did it was some war between Hollywood and some other conglomeration of film studios. It was a war of actors. You saw actors marching, actors resting in billets and indulging in comic relief, actors making love to a pretty film star, actors being rushed to the front in theatrical lorries, actors being killed by property shell-fire. obviously an army rationed with hair-oil, sticks

of grease paint, and press-cuttings.

There are no actors in 'Verdun,' at least you never think of its personages as actors. The soldiers and peasants look and act like soldiers and peasants. The shell-fire and machinegunning are the real thing. If you are curious about such matters you can read an account of the immense pains taken by the producer, but it is not necessary you should, for the film itself

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is there. The one objection I have to the filmapart from a few lapses into sentimentality of the French kind, which is even more bludgeoning than ours-is that, being a genuine work of art, it has a dangerous tragic beauty. I thought at first that here was a film that would knock the belligerent nonsense out of people. It would be a good idea, I told myself, to show this film to the mouthing dictators, the drifting politicians, the youngsters who sigh in secret for a new and exciting life, the old men who at heart are ready for a sensation even at the expense of millions of lives. When they all begin to talk about the stout-hearted legions of patriots, the honour of the nation, the necessity for expansion, and the rest of it, let them be shown this film at once, I thought, and told it is this they are wanting all over again. (Though if the worst and loudest of them were at once hustled into a shallow trench and then shelled and bombed by a battery and squadron appointed by the League of Nations, it might be still more effective.) Then I saw that this film would not serve such a purpose, or at least would not serve it as well as it might be served. No film, no matter how realistic in its conception and execution, can suggest the muddle and monotony, the waste without end, the long obscenities of war. 'Verdun,' after all, is art, and it is too cleanly tragic. It has beauty, a

dangerous beauty. It is a film full of great things, but perhaps the greatest is the Fort Vaux episode. The ceaseless bombardment, the hand-to-hand fighting, the gas attacks, all were superbly pictured, and it was impossible to believe that these men of the beleaguered garrison, which still held out when the Germans were actually holding the top of the fort, were merely playing parts. We sat there, fort, were merely playing parts. We sat there, choky and hot-eyed, watching them trying to signal, rationing out the last drops of water, and then saw, at last, the final surrender, when the French commandant surrendered his sword through the window and the Germans presented arms as the survivors of the heroic garrison reeled past. It was horrible, horrible; that fort was a hell; and yet I for one found in it all a queer fascination, like that of the ground that had been shelled over and over again, until it was as remote from humanity as the face of the moon, horrible, hellish, but with a terrible austere beauty of its own. It holds my imagination yet, thunders there like the last scene of 'Hamlet.' The men who made this film were soldiers, and there runs through it that grave pride of soldiers. Verdun was one of those places-the very emperor of themthat made all its visitors Freemen; when you had been there you knew you had got down to bed-rock and that after that you could shrug your shoulders at the worst hell the theologians ever invented: you had "been through it." Every man who did any real soldiering knows what I mean; he remembers that strange ecstasy. He also knows, as I know, that it will not do. That also knows, as I know, that it will not do. That is why 'Verdun' will not do simply as a piece of anti-war propaganda; it is too high and clean and tragic for that. But what a film! When I caught sight of M. Leon Poirier, its creator, afterwards, I had quite a shock. It was as if one had just run up against Prospero, a Prospero who had exchanged the enchanted island for a blasted

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

LABOUR AND THE NEXT ELECTION

SIR,-I read with much interest your article under the above heading in your issue of October 6. You say that "except among pamphleteers for the Primrose League the mere word Socialism has ceased to terrify." I have not noticed this feeling of terror for ." the mere word Socialism" among Primrose League pamphleteers. If Socialism only means a public gas and water supply, then there is little to fear, and, as you say, Conservatives have done much to further this kind of Socialism. But most Conservatives and many Socialists refuse to apply the term "Socialism" to the Municipal and State services to which you allude. The distinguished Belgian Socialist, M. Vandervelde, in his book 'Statism,' denies that State railways and State postal services, and municipal trams, gas and water undertakings are Socialism in practice.

Most Marxists would repudiate these examples of Socialism. The more moderate or gradualist school of Socialism: The more moderate or gradualist school of Socialists prefers to regard present State and Municipal services as evolutionary steps towards Socialism; they are examples of the State's "encroaching control" over private enterprise but are not really Socialistic until they are controlled and administered in accordance with the principles of Socialism. Only when a public service is subject to "workers' control," and profit-making and interest-paying are abolished, will it be truly Socialistic. The Army and Navy may be good examples of collective ownership, because, as you remark, "there is no private ownership of the means of distribution and supply there." But these two services will only be good examples of Socialism when Jack and Tommy elect their own officers, and their own Committees to decide the policy and procedure of the Army and Navy. Do not forget that some of the present leaders of the Labour Party, including Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden, tried in 1919 to set up Workers' and Soldiers' Councils—à la Russe—in this country. When Soldiers' Councils control the Army, then the Army will be a "good example of practical Socialism."

The Primrose League does not go in terror of Socialism, but it does endeavour to make the people understand what the economic and political consequences of Socialism, as advocated by the Labour Party, would be. The danger of Socialism does not lie so much in the so-called nationalization of land and mines and factories as in the preliminary steps towards these Socialistic aims. The taxation schemes of the Socialist Party, combined with its really dangerous theories regarding foreign and Imperial affairs, would, if adopted, produce so much ruin and chaos, politically and industrially, that the subsequent nationalization of our disorganized and ruined industries would not be a matter of much concern. The mischief would have been done before this stage was reached, and neither the State nor private enterprise would be able to undo the mischief. The terror of Socialism lies mainly in its method of approach, and it is the aim and the duty of the Primrose League, as a patriotic and Disraelian organization, to expose the method of the Socialists, and to warn the people of the disastrous and

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inevitable consequences of the adoption of the Socialist Party's programme. I am, etc.,

REGINALD BENNETT,

Primrose League, 64 Victoria Street, S.W. Secretary

We do not think Sir Reginald Bennett and ourselves are in any disagreement. Neither he nor we can contemplate without concern the logical consequences of the Socialistic theory pushed to its extremes, and it is the business of the SATURDAY REVIEW, as it is of the Primrose League, to oppose and expose that theory. But whatever "most Conservatives" may say, State and municipal undertakings such as postal services, tramways and lighting are Socialism, and to the extent to which we have these things we have Socialism in practice. The process of internal control of these undertakings Sir Reginald instances Soldiers' Councils—is not Socialism but Communism.—ED. S.R.]

INDIFFERENCE THE CRIME

SIR,—If boosters and gamblers are to be our lords, honourable servants will still demand free men's liveries. The SATURDAY REVIEW has more than once, recently, spoken out in such a way as to hearten those against public indifference to matters and causes which most intimately and vitally concern private and public well-being. Your caustic editorial note in your issue of October 6 fixes timely attention on a glaring example of national neglect. Sir Ronald Ross, after example of national neglect. Sir Ronald Ross, after years of patient research; at the risk of health, of life itself, and to the great detriment of his monetary prospects, put into our hands the remedy for that e of the tropics-malaria. It would be difficult to make an estimate in any human or monetary terms of the value of that gift. Countless lives saved, vast areas won for civilization—these lie to this man's credit. In recognition of this great humane service to contemporary and to all future humanity we gave him the humblest titular symbol of our national regard -a knighthood.

We are a practical people. At long last we gra-ciously comfort the cold bones of our bravest and our best with a monument—for do they not sacrifice their comforts for us, and ask so very little from us while

Peep at another side of this picture of neglect: it is interesting, and not dissimilar so far as the one vital factor is concerned. Every one of us to-day, in our pleasures and our necessities, is paying toll to tricky, cunning little men who create nothing of value in the world, who conserve nothing of beauty or worth at all, who simply, wantonly serve themselves—save by accident. Consider the stock markets. Watch the effect while merry unseen Bunties pull the strings. See how silver changes its complexion; how each change the scene. Far from the markets, so unassumingly quiet, an inventor nurses in his mind his vitalizing idea. He fondles it into shape and purpose and substance. It is perfect and practical. He has his own reward—intangible; and a very modest tangible royalty, too, out of which in all likelihood he is juggled before the greatly profitable fun begins. The "idea" was made life for living men to share. But round that creative idea, loved by its mysterious maker's selfless mind, what has grown? We must glance in the financial columns of the newspapers for the monetary and sordid answer. Notice the swollen profits of the unproductive uncontributory speculator and gambler. Regard the depleted purses of the thrifty and the poor. Is it not strange how the creative thought and work of the humanist are and gambler. impeded and maltreated in transit from him who gives to them that need!

Sir, there was once a genial and elusive fellow who lived dangerously behind a pointing pistol. We hanged him at last. His name was Dick Turpin. Dick in our time would have risked less. He would have sat, cigar in mouth, shining efficiency on brow, in a City office and promoted companies and syndicates; indeed, he would have been an excellent fellow, on in recognition of his undeviating self-service, his tactful if very occasional benefactions, we might have conferred a peerage, which he would have accepted without undue diffidence. Unlike an honourable man, he would have had no need to seek to dispose of his heart's joys to keep want from his dear one's doors.

When will some Titan of comedy, with his splendid and pitiless laughter, shiver our stupid complacency, and British folk, in their generosity, know once more loyal spirits, who serve, from panders and sucking parasites who prey?

I am, etc.,

JAMES A. MACKERETH

THE LONDON POLICE MAGISTRATES

SIR,-The magistrates have, I think, little to complain of. There are two magistrates in nearly every court and, as a rule, they sit three days a week. They are paid as highly as a London County Court judge, and their work, compared to his, is merely child's

Before accepting the post they knew the amount of pay and the conditions of work attached thereto. They were only too glad to get the job. Why then

I am, etc., "TAXPAYER"

PRESERVATION OF WILD LIFE

SIR,-Your columns have at various times done so much for the cause of wild life protection, and so many of your readers are keenly interested in the cause, that I venture to ask you to bring the existence of this Society to their notice.

Our views are broad and reasonable, and our aim to hinder so far as possible and without injury to human progress the appallingly wanton destruction of wild life which to-day is taking place in almost

wind the winter to-day is taking place in almost every part of the Empire.

We are desirous of extending our membership as widely as possible, and would welcome any of your readers who may care to join. The annual subscription is only 10s.

I am, etc.,
J. Stevenson-Hamilton,

Secretary

Society for the Preservation of the

Fauna of the Empire
c/o Zoological Society of London,
Regent's Park, N.W.8

THE THEATRE

PAINTED RUSSIA

By Ivor Brown

Brass Paperweight. Adapted and produced by Komisarjevsky. Apollo Theatre.

R. KOMISARJEVSKY wisely makes no claim to dramatize 'The Brothers Karamazov'; he has taken a murder theme from Dostoievsky and worked it out with different names and in his own way. The result is not wholly satisfying. Once the corrupt, lecherous and tippling old father of the Romanov family had received, as our less bourgeois brethren would say, "a tap on the napper," I felt my interest waning although there was still half the play to come and the identity of the murderer had

yet to be solved. A mysterious hand had emerged from behind a curtain and, wielding a brass paperweight, had rapped the stout skull of old Romanov so gently that the caress would hardly have fluttered a region fly had it been perching on that pasture. However, Romanov fell dead without a cough or a kick, and later on the murderer spoke with high relish of the way he had ground in the brains and skull. I am not complaining that the murder was so tame an affair and reminded me of the collapse of all the policemen in Mr. Ernie Lotinga's admirable sketch 'Bluebottles.' You can, on the stage, make some show of realistic stabbing and strangulation; but battery is frankly impossible unless the intended victim is to go through the play wearing on his brow what the producers call "a false proscenium" as the anvil for murder's hammer; wigs are nuisance enough as a rule, and we cannot ask the players to carry bogus domes in order to provide more and better murders.

When old Romanov was thus "bumped off" I was extremely sorry. Mr. Michael Sherbrooke had played the part with all his familiar fluency and bubbling guttural rhythm; Mr. Sherbrooke has the power, rare on our stage, to paint a part unstintingly. Yet he never lets his rich and rapid handling of the portrait waste away into the stale rigmarole of character-acting and the old routine of tricks, gestures, snuffles, chokes, staggerings, and eye-rollings of the familiar stage-senility. His acting could not convince me that I was in the provincial Russia of 1850, because I could not possibly distinguish among the nice shades of Victorian time and Muscovite place; but it did immediately give me my passport out of England; so did Mr. Robert Speaight's performance of the epileptic servant and Miss Lydia Sherwood's exquisitely tinted study of the woman in the case. Mr. Maurice Browne, as the son suspected of patricide, only convinced me that he was doing his best to navigate the Dardanelles or Baltic—and not getting there. He has sincerity; he does not spare himself; but he quite failed to make me curious or frightened about Dimitry's end.

Some years ago I saw a similar scene from the Karamazov Saga played in Paris by the Moscow Art Theatre, and I have not forgotten and shall never forget the agony of Dimitry under cross-examination by the police. I take leave to quote what I wrote

Take the incident where Dimitry is before the police, being cross-examined under wrongful suspicion of murder. Dimitry is before you, an oafish creature in a black frock-coat, a faun in undertaker's clothing. He is an impetuous lout, a good sort with a taint in his blood. And then, as you watch him under examination, you understand, as you have never understood before, what nervous agony means. He does not rave or roar or rush about to proclaim his innocence. He merely fidgets and speaks in little jerks. Those fidgets, mere atoms of gesture and of intonation in a language of which I know no word, burn in my memory now. They were not the fidgets that are taught in academies of dramatic art. They were just the subdued, minute articulations of a cracking heart. Those fingers of Dimitry's darting hand tear at one's compassion unforgettably. I shall not look upon their like again.

Mr. Komisarjevsky's play had not for me that terrible and disturbing quality. I never felt the quickness of contact, the inevitability, the close pressure of disaster. The Moscow Players drew me right in; I was engulfed. It ceased to matter that the words were strange noises. Emotion leaped from face and hand; thought-reading became as easy in that Parisian theatre as yawning in most English ones.

At the Apollo I was not drawn in, I sat back. I admired the look of it all. Mr. Komisarjevsky is a great artist. The pattern of his lighting in this production is exemplary. The Russian producers make use of fore stage and back stage far more than our own. The usage is as old as the theatre itself; it assisted the Athenian to blend speech and dance, the

Elizabethan to mix battle and boudoir. The Russian method is usually to divide a room in two, with, for example, a meal in progress at the back and people rising up and coming forward to talk. ("Since the tea isn't ready, let's philosophize a bit," as Vershinin so charmingly remarks.) Mr. Komisarjevsky's favourite variant is a front room and then a curtain or partition behind which dramatic movement can be suggested by the play of light and sound. He did this with beautiful effect in 'The Three Sisters' and he works on the same lines in the second and third acts of this piece.

Consequently, even if one misses full possession by the dramatic urgency of this play, even if one sits back instead of committing oneself entirely to the tale of murder and its mystery, the look of the thing yields it abundant and appropriate pleasures. This early-Victorian Russia must always seem to us to have a touch of circus; the police officials in their cloaks and chimney-pot hats set some people tittering in the gallery and one could not be angrily surprised. fellows looked like elfin warders sent by the Home Secretary of Cloud-cuckooland in pursuit of felons from a fairy tale. Grand Guignol jostles circus; it is a world where the lady Grouchenka is a crinolined Columbine and Pantaloon is a brandy-sodden old bully endeavouring to seduce the darling in a frowsy, supper-littered bedroom teeming with rats, mice, and beetles. Leave this bleak house, however, and song and dance are woven into the local life easily enough; if you are living at the village inn there will be a piano and, if you have money too, the inn-keeper will find champagne and caviare. If you cry out for company, the villagers will troop in to tread a measure. Perhaps Columbine has not brought her music, but she remembers a snatch and there is a pot-bellied Count who stops snoring on the sofa and lumbers over to the piano to play her accompaniment. To such a wayward, painted world Mr. Komisarjevsky brings quietly and without any fussy stunts or clamourings about "space-stages" and the latest German tops of theory his extraordinary knack of establishing a picture that will frame the play instead of overwhelming it.

The only production of Mr. Komisarjevsky's which I have disliked was his version of Gogol's ' first shown at Barnes and then brought to the Gaiety Theatre. That play is a very good joke; the production made a joke of a joke, guyed it, coloured it, and fantasticated it beyond recognition. That was the only occasion on which I have seen this producer suffer from the endemic fever of the régisseur's world and try to recreate a play in a different idiom from that in which it was written. As a rule he is exquisitely faithful to the author's intention and he appears to take no notice of the advance-guard who want to abolish the actor and the author and substitute a team of marionettes amid a scene consisting of old iron pilel in geometrical formation. The most advanced type of production on the Continent is hag-ridden by theory. It makes the most preposterous claims; it wo abolish personality in writing and playing and substitute masses, forces, symbols, machines. Mr. Komisarjevsky understands that the theatre has room for all sorts and conditions of plays. At Oxford recently he has shown us two kinds of idiom vitalized by his method. At the Apollo he has returned to the Stanislavsky tradition of a natural poetry (" spiritual realism" is another name for it) worked out in melody of light, shade, and grouping. He has not, I think of light, shade, and grouping. He has not, I think, made a big and engrossing play, but how charming is the look of the thing, and how apt it all is to what is spoken on the stage!

The translator of 'French Country Life,' reviews in our issue of October 6, is Nora Bickley, not Franci Bickley as then stated. to to ot ped pwo pin

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ART

"LE STYLE COCO" AND OTHERS

BY WALTER BAYES

Giorgio de Chirico. Arthur Tooth's Gallery.
C. R. W. Nevinson Exhibition. Sculpture by Dora Gordine.
Leicester Galleries.

Sculpture in Bronze and Wood. By Elizabeth Wolff. Claridge Gallery. Royal Institute of Oil Painters.

XHIBITIONS of the week make chronology At the Art Institute we step back into the world of thirty years ago unchanged. At Tooth's and in less degree at the Claridge and Leicester Galleries the impression is rather that nothing of importance happened before the coming of the Post-Impressionist movement. O Emanul! O Konody! Are we really condemned to admire the Institute if we fail in enthusiasm about the Chirico and vice versa? It is an unworthy de Chirico and vice versa? It is an unworthy thought, but when we see how much of the importance of these our critical protagonists comes from the violence with which each attacks the other it is difficult not to suspect a secret alliance. They surely conspire in secret to banish reason from the judgment seat.

The Jew (as Mr. Frank Harris admirably pointed out in one of his short stories) never deals in anything which has an assured market value. His first wares junk"; the crown of his accomplishment is his ealing. And the whole trend of criticism in art dealing. proportion as art has fallen into the hands of these most crafty speculators has been to discredit any inconvenient qualities which, because they imply labour to secure or long training to make possible, might seem to give *intrinsic* value to a work. The more fantastic appreciation of art becomes the more readily that art may be regarded as of negligible consequence when we buy and, when we sell, of a value which transcends all computation. Thus one by one we have seen what were regarded as the difficulties of art disappear, and it suffices that the works be "provocative" and "experimental." We are never told what is the nature of the experiment.

are never told what is the nature of the experiment. I think its aim is often to see how little the painter can do and yet "get away with it."

There is nothing perfect in the world, and in a hypercritical mood I can discern in certain of de Chirico's paintings (e.g., 'Chevaux se Cabrant,' 13) a reasonable sense of mise en page, in some of his "trophys" an elementary tendency to group objects on centrifugal upward axes, qualities well enough in their way. But for the most part his works are nearly their way. But for the most part his works are nearly perfect examples of what may conveniently be christened "le style Coco." Phrases in art criticism do not always mean in their first use what they are predestined to say most usefully, and I do not know what was the first significance ascribed to "le style Coco." They are obviously of value to describe that phase of modern art which bears to ordinary Post-Impressionist painting the relation which rococo art has with the art of the Renaissance.

Have my readers ever at a French plage admired those rows of villas in which they may see the imagination of the retired grocer let loose to do its damnedest—stucco structures in which are united obelisks and Moorish arches, battlements, Gothic tracery, Oriental lattice work and what not, the whole painted smartly in pink and chocolate stripes? That is in architecture the equivalent of what I would like to christen "le style Coco" in painting—the sweepings of the human mind dumped proudly upon canvas.

I say proudly, but is not this indeed unjust? Have you seen those same villas in ignoble age, the plaster cracked, the paint faded, with the rain falling upon

Shorn of their fashionable galleries, their them? Shorn of their fashionable galleries, their well-tailored acolytes, above all their pyrotechnic Press notices, these pictures would look very like the villas—not pretentious but only sordid. They do not provoke the visitor—except to disheartened exit. If, however, before he leaves the Claridge Gallery that visitor should chance to glance at Mr. T. W. Earp's introduction to the catalogue, if still more fortunate he should chance also to happen on Mr. Konody's appreciation in the last issue of the Observer, then he will find much in the literature at least to provoke curiosity as to what these writers mean—in connexion curiosity as to what these writers mean—in connexion with de Chirico. His painting is "that of the classic masters." Who are those classic masters? His pictures "show an ingrained worship of traditional classic forms." I should never have known that. There is indeed entertainment in admiring the pomp of language with which journalism comes to the aid of a heavy-handed and empty art. It is a wonderful song and dance, but there seems no reason for its

being enacted before this rather than any other booth.

The tyranny of Post-Impressionism lies heavier upon us than did ever any academic tyranny. Mr. Nevinson, who in his youth threw off the one without difficulty, would seem to like to shed the other but finds it not so easy. The spring landscape No. 23 is quite pleasant in an almost Victorian way, but Mr. Nevinson is usually hampered in yielding to his manifest inclination in this direction by inhibitions. He must not cultivate a suave or agreeable technique. His interest in the human side of his subject-matter makes detail irresistible to him, but it is rendered always in a thin scratchy handling which is the antithesis of the rounded fat unit of form

Vermeer, Chardin, Canaletto or Hogarth.

Adjoining Mr. Nevinson at the Leicester Galleries, the sculpture of Dora Gordine—at the Claridge Galleries that of Fraulein Elizabeth Wolff—reminds us that modern sculpture is far less out to rub us the wrong way than modern painting. Dora Gordine shows how sound is the modern method of modelling Dora Gordine in the matter of the handling of clay-how indeed it tends to give some interest even to works which as often with this artist would otherwise be a little empty. Elizabeth Wolff is more ingenious, more adroit —a little more unscrupulous in inventing devices for saying what she has to say in a "taking" way. Her trick of modelling in very wet clay with extreme "envelopment" and at the last moment adding a few very delicate but crisp engraved strokes to make the rest incredibly atmospheric is an example of mixed methods which have disquieting possibilities of cheap popularity.

Alexandra Exter's designs for the stage at the Claridge gallery are such as are shown to patrons, but are useless to work from or as criteria of their author's practical ability. Some of them are decidedly attractive, dependent for their success on the cleverness with which the designer, having painted perspective solids which must inevitably announce themselves as flat can offer us builtup passages which selves as flat, can offer us built-up passages which may for a time deceive us into believing they are painted also. This, which implies an invented use of perspective in order to disguise solidity, has a considerable basis of science.

The Institute is the home of safe recipes for picture-The Institute is the home of safe recipes for picture-making. No one paints pictures more of a pattern than Mr. Padwick (108), but his recipe is a sound one and it does not tire us like the others. Miss McIvor's landscape (115) is within its limits accomplished and spontaneous. Sir William Orpen reminds us pleasurably of his zest in displaying a spacious interior, but the figure with its meagre fringe of reflection in the glass does not, as figure and reflection so often do, unite to make a pattern simpler than either of its components and comparable with the large forms of the background. of the background.

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MUSIC

THE COMPOSER AS CORRESPONDENT

NE of the most admirable features of presentday musical criticism is the scholarly resort to original sources, upon which the best writers insist. It should not be necessary to praise a practice so necessary to accuracy and scientific treatment. Yet in the not too distant past criticism and biography have, in the sphere of music more than anywhere else, been based far too often upon hearsay Facts have been copied from one book into another until by the constant process of re-wording they have sometimes ceased to be the true facts. It is, no doubt, this tendency to get back to first sources that has encouraged publishers to issue so many volumes of correspondence between great composers and their friends during the past few months. For here, provided that transcriptions and translations are accurate, is one of the best of fields in which to study the character and actions of a man.

Among the collections of letters lately published are those of Mozart, Wagner and Brahms.* The selection of Mozart's letters is especially valuable and interesting. Of the three composers Mozart is the most spontaneous and the most self-revealing. There is, indeed, a certain amusement to be got out of Brahms's heart-to-heart talks with Schumann's widow, but it is an amusement which soon palls. Since the anonymous translator of these letters has seen fit to cut out as much as possible of the things that would be most interesting to musicians and has left in all the personal chit-chat about the little day-to-day doings of Johannes and Clara, the weary reader must fall back upon such occasional gleams of interest as Brahms's infrequent expressions of opinion upon contemporary musicians. He is a good deal more generous than Clara towards Wagner, and it is amusing to read in the index references to "Clara's opinion of Lohengrin'" (which she liked so much as a romantic story that she could at times forget "the horrible music"!), her "dislike of Parsifal," and the climax of her "detestation of About his own music and, indeed, about any personal feelings beneath the surface of his gruff, rude, generous nature Brahms is disappointingly reticent.

Wagner. In his letters all his inmost Not so feelings are dragged to light and displayed for the edification of his various correspondents. is too often about them the air of the pamphleteer; too often a suspicion is roused that the writer has taken into account the possibility of the words coming under the eye of a wider public. They do not ring quite sincere. He is given to pique, this giant, and his judgments upon his contemporaries are as downright as Clara's on himself-and far more witty. But then Clara was the guardian of the holy grail of her Robert's reputation, and anyone who cast a shadow upon that was no less than a wicked and abominable monster. Wagner could confidently tell off composers like so many beads thus:

Tragedy of Rossini, who could invent new melodies, but ould carry through no sustained and orderly work.
 Tragedy of Schumann, who never achieved any melodies

all.
(3) Tragedy of Brahms, who—despite great fullness—is

He could also make an extraordinarily sympathetic diagnosis of a man's character and situation, even though he were, as Berlioz was, an adversary:

Berlioz's article on 'Fidelio' [he writes to Liszt] shows me plainly the unfortunate man's lonely position. His sensibilities are so acute and so profound that the world was bound to injure him and exacerbate his wounded feelings till these feelings and the influences which surround him lead him astray. . . . It was just this insane spectacle which led me to recognize that this highly talented man can only be really befriended by men of high talent, and this in turn showed me that, in these days of ours, we three fellows alone can have anything in common, because we are alike—that is you, he and I! But it is the last thing one dares say to him; if he hears it he will lash out. A tormented god like that is a poor devil!

Even into that not ignoble analysis the egoist must bring in his own case! So it is all along.

Sensibilities so acute that the world was bound

to injure him. . . . How that cap fits upon the head of Wolfgang Mozart! A worthy but uncomprehending father; a patron who could not perceive genius under his very nose; a frivolous wife, who was a jolly companion, but no sharer of his inner life; and a hard, unappreciative world—each in and a hard, unappreciative world—each in turn trampled upon his spirit, which rose always above hardship and misfortune with an astonishing buoy. ancy, until at last the strain became too great for a physique that was never robust. Mozart lacked the evangelical zeal in his own behalf that carried Wagner to a final triumph, even as he lacked the physical strength which permitted to Wagner an existence that would have killed most men much earlier. But if Mozart lacked "push," he had charm, in spite of an acknowledged "naughtiness" and more than a spice both of malice and puritanical intolerance. So his letters make the best of reading. They are vivacious, acute in judgment when serious, and only occasionally tedious, when the writer keeps up his facetious nonsense for too long a stretch. We are spared a good deal of the nonsense in this selection, and what there is has been very skilfully translated by Mr. Bozman, who has solved some very difficult problems with as much success as is probably possible. He gives the sense (or nonsense) of the letters in a very readable form, and, so far as I have been able to detect by a comparison with the originals here and there, is inaccurate only in minute particulars. There are some important omissions, and, although nothing is easier to complain of than another man's anthology, I think it is fair to say that the omission of the bulk of the letters about 'Idomeneo,' which contain some of the most important evidence of the composer's views on opera, is a serious flaw. The much-discussed "Bäsle" letters are sufficiently represented to show that they are, after all, no more than not very harmful ebullitions of schoolboy smut. The more objectionable phrases are decently veiled in asterisks or in the obscurity of the original. They are of no importance, except as showing that Mozart, like most of us, went through the puppy-dog stage when the grosser func-tions of the body are regarded as subjects for mirth.

Far more important is the light which the letters throw upon the composer's mentality. Unlike most musicians, his range of interests was wide and not merely introspective. As he belonged to the eighteenth century, natural scenery is never expatiated upon But men and their characters always provoke him to pithy remarks. He sees the dramatic side of incidents and especially their comic side. In this he resembles Wagner, his chief rival among dramatic composers, who also had the gift of sketching a character vividy for the benefit of his correspondent. This common trait shows how the minds of these two men worked and accounts for their inevitable attraction towards opera as the supreme means of self-expression. while Wagner took life hardly and brought everything to the touchstone of a pessimistic philosophy, Mozart's temperament was gay and careless. His emotions were by no means shallow, as witnesses that final letter to his dying father, but he was naturally disposed to a lighter view of life.

^{*} Letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart,' selected and edited by Hans Mersmann. Dent. 10s. 6d. 'Letters of Richard Wagner,' selected and edited by Wilhelm Altmann. Two vols. Dent. 21s. 'Letters of Clara Schumann and Johannes Brahms, 1853-1896,' edited by Dr. Berthold Litzmann. Two vols.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS-138

SET BY NON OMNIA

In order to introduce further variety into the Literary Competitions, and to give competitors an opportunity to show their own ideas of what a good competition should be and to judge each other's work, we have invited a few of those who have been most frequently successful in the past to set a competition themselves. The second of these, by Non Omnia, is printed below.

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a discourse in 300 words by Major Pendennis to his nephew on gate-crashing.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a rhymed epitaph in eight lines on a wasp, in which the manner of his death is indicated.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 138a).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, October 29, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of November 3.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 136

SET BY PETER TRAILL

A. People complain that the old London cries have died. Two new kinds of pedlars have, however, made their appearance—the ice cream and the "hot dog" man. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rhymed appeals of not more than six lines which might serve as new London cries for one or other of these sales men.

B. Ladies are now reputed to be wearing their hair short for lunch and long for dinner. We offer a first Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best four-lined rhymed epigram in English upon their compromise.

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REPORT FROM MR. PETER TRAILL

136A. This competition did not yield any very startling results, and there was not much ingenuity displayed, although the entries were numerous. Several competitors (including Lester Ralph) misread the question—a cry for one or other of the vendors was asked for, not one for them both. Many other competitors merely contented themselves with simple couplets such as:

Ice-creams! All prices! Try my pure and creamy ices!

I wanted something a little more original than that. I liked the first two lines of James Hall's attempt:

Ice-cream! It stands alone.
Tuppence a slider and tuppence a cone.

But the last two did not fulfil the early promise. Moriendo Vivo made several attempts, but while admiring his perseverance I am afraid that it does

not merit reward this time. Non Omnia and N. B. were fair, and B. B. B. and Q. Q. Q. both good. B. B. S's verse had fine gusto, but was a little long for a "cry," and also perhaps stuck a shade too faithfully to the vernacular. The best of the entries were, I think, those of Helena Thomas and G. M. Graham, and I recommend them for the first and second prizes.

FIRST PRIZE

Ices, nice ices, I cry; Good for the baby, and fit for the lady, Sweet as Love's kisses to laddies and misses; Cream, sugar and spices, who'll buy?

HELENA THOMAS

SECOND PRIZE

I'm ringing to tell you
I've ices to sell you,
Vanilla and strawberry, always in stock.
O! stop me and buy one,
Just stop me and try one,
A penny a cone and two pennies a block.

G. M. GRAHAM

1368. It would appear to be necessary to tell competitors that an epigram should conclude with some witty or sarcastic thought; too many entrants, in a very large entry, just rhymed the facts and left the matter there. Lester Ralph, as nearly always, was good, but in this case a little too abstruse. Bebe, on the other hand, was a little too obvious. L. B. will be glad to hear that I liked his third attempt better than his other two. Major Brawn, L. B. (second entry) and several others hit upon the iambic simile, while Angela Verne and Michael Holland were racy. Here is Michael Holland's:

She was neatly bobbed at two, All the afternoon it grew, Till they said at the Savoy: "Gee! Some Gretchen! Attaboy!"

P. R. Laird, W. R. Dunstan, Lavengro and Panterei were all creditable, and both the attempts of J. Parsons were quite good, but in a rather open field I thought that the entry of James Hall was the simplest and neatest, with G. Rostrevor Hamilton's effort not far behind. I accordingly recommend them for the first and second prizes in the order named.

FIRST PRIZE

How suitable, dear Miss or Madam, With a.m. to be partly Adam— And then, when morning takes its leave, To be yourself, entirely Eve.

JAMES HALL

SECOND PRIZE

Lest she should kill outright her slaves,
Till dinner-time kind Chloe saves
Her beauty's fullest blaze of light:
Her motto is, Switch on at night.
G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

SONNET

By Elizabeth Bibesco

C REAT words have ever lit the path of man I And beckoned him to some precise endeavour, Seeking with stirring syllables to span The unconquered spaces that the mind can never Harness to action; for to man is given One saving doubt that God alone relies on, That slender margin where the earth meets Heaven The dream-built subterfuge of the horizon. For all the rhetoric of all the ages That blew the trumpets and that drew the swords, The sterile certainties of saints and sages And all of the dangerous progeny of words, Will fade and die and dimly flicker out Before the spirit's heritage of doubt.

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BACK NUMBERS—XCV

THE oddest sort of hero-worship, the SATURDAY called the adoration of Disraeli, in a caustic article in 1863, admitting that it was on the increase. "The Disraelites will soon outnumber the Israelites," it predicted in protest against what seemed to it unreason. Well, they have outnumbered the Israelities. With the authoritative biography and the Israelities. With the authoritative biography, and in the light of half-a-century of experience, the statesman has been established at least on the level to which his adorers then promoted him, though not quite for their reasons; and the novelist has had a revival, not only in the very handsome and appropriate edition issued by Mr. Davies. Interest in him has not been keener any time since his death than it is now. How curious that a man in whose genius there were so many flaws, in whose personality there was undoubtedly a streak of charlatanism, should so solidly survive, so gain in honour with the passing of the years! For the existence in a great man of trickiness, flashiness, which may deceive dazzled contemporaries, but is exposed in time, ought to be very damaging in the long run. It has been damaging to Bulwer Lytton, who in their earlier years bore a rather close literary resemblance to Disraeli, and who certainly had something more than mere talent. But Disraeli, even as a writer, has left that rival dated in the bad sense, and emerged into a new life. How has he done it?

Nothing is easier than to find in him sheer bad taste. It is not only that, like all dealers in epigram, he pretty often offers us paste as diamonds; or that, in that over-decorated and too purposed style, he often seems to be all dressed up and with too many places to go, and becomes vulgar through lack of austerity and repose. For so brilliant a wit and so skilled a fashioner of phrases he is often astonishingly unaware of the comic value of words which he uses earnestly. Take an instance from the carefully considered and on the whole eloquent preface to one of his chief successes, 'Lothair.' In it he tells us, with every intention of impressiveness, that the Church of England rests "on the Church of Jerusalem, modified by the divine school of Galilee."
Why that conjunction of words should be funny cannot be explained, but funny it is, and a man who can be betrayed into such things was not fully sensitive to the genius of the language he used. In most of his rhapsodies over the things that mattered greatly to him, the historical function of the Jewish race, the English Crown, the English aristocracy when alive to its duties, the English peasantry and factory workers under exploitation, there is amidst a really moving rhetoric some sentence in which the venerated thing is presented in tinsel.

And then look at what he saw in the various literary models he adopted in early days. He does Bolingbroke and Junius fairly well, but his exercises after Burke could only have been done by a man who had failed to discern the higher qualities of the original. 'The Letters of Runnymede' may have some hurtful pheases but the property of the control of have some hurtful phrases, but there are many more in which we can see nothing but common insolence. He was not, in any fine sense, a master of invective, though he became a great master of scornful and elaborately developed banter. (It was Bagehot who summed him up by saying that his grain was poor but his chaff exquisite.)

Add to this that his very real command of polished dialogue between politicians and insolent, young fashionables, in which there are almost Congrevian felicities, was accompanied by total inability to make common people talk plausibly for a minute on end. Add also that as soon as he tried to draw an admirable young woman he became a vague sentimentalist, so that she comes to us limp and sickly with sweetness. Add again that the various ingredients of his novels, the political and romantic, are not well mixed together, except in 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil.' There does not seem much left to Disraeli's credit as a writer.

But there is quite enough. He is, first of all, the only English political novelist. That is not to be explained away by saying that he had immense political experience. The earth is cumbered with novels written by able men who have had ample experience of the life with which they deal ineffectually. to use as an artist what one has experienced as a man is a special gift. Disraeli is a great political novelist, not because he had exceptional opportunities, but because he had the imagination which rendered vivid the tragedies and comedies of politics, because the workings of the political instinct were to him what the workings of the acquisitive instinct were to Balzac. No doubt, the ultimate verdict must be that he was occasionally the dupe of politics, that for all his wise and entertaining cynicism he took the political life at more than its worth; but it is idle to quarrel with what was the condition of his unique success.

Then, as part of his distinction in the political novels, he was the first to fill in the whole political scene. When others have written of a political career, they have set a few prominent figures in the foreground and lacked power to delineate the throngs with which the politician must work. But Disraeli is never better than in his sketches of the wire-pullers, the great persons to whom political life was a game, the little go-betweens, the parasites, the locally influential nonentities. For such work he has the supreme qualification, ardour for the great business with complete disillusionment about the petty means employed And through all the rhetoric and satire, good and bad, there is the pulse of a genuine passion of patriotism.

Disraeli condescended overmuch. There used to be told a story of Mr. Justice Maule, then a barrister, being found by a judge at the club drinking porter at an early hour of the forenoon, and being rebuked, and answering, "Well, I have to argue a case before a jury this afternoon, and I am trying to get my mind down to the necessary pitch." Disraeli too often contrived to reduce himself to the level of his audience. But in the three main novels, and in that Life of Lord George Bentinck which has some of the quali-ties of a novel, and which shows a talent equal ties of a novel, and which shows a talent equal to Macaulay's for writing a particular kind of character-sketch, he used his special gifts brilliantly enough to silence all criticism. His very faults hardly matter there. The business of politics, after all, does demand the tricks of the platform, the limelight, the specious phrase, caricature, the big drum. What makes the three novels so wonderful is that we have in them a profoundly realistic basis and then over it a kind of profoundly realistic basis and then over it a kind of alien romance, Semitic, perhaps, or rather of the Arabian Nights. The romance is half humbug, but so in the circumstances it should be.

REVIEWS

MR. BELLOC AT LARGE

By EDWARD SHANKS

Danton: a Study. By Hilaire Belloc. Nisbet. 12s. 6d.

How the Reformation Happened. By Hilaire Belloc. Cape. 10s. 6d.

A Conversation with an Angel. By Hilaire Belloc. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THERE is another book by Mr. Belloc which has just been published, but as it is a novel it does not come within my province. There are also more to come before the end of the year. But these are enough to be going on with. They show Mr. Belloc at two periods and in two moods, and they show how little he has changed between 1899 and now, and how little he changes to-day when, laying aside a book on the Reformation, he takes up a casual essay on pavement artists.

His strength is that his mind was made up early and he has seen nothing which afforded him a reason for unmaking it. Every new scrap of knowledge gained, every hypothesis evolved, every experience suffered fits into its place in that iron framework. And the fitting in goes on so neatly, so consistently, that at times one wonders. Does Mr. Belloc possibly wonder too? Has he ever a momentary doubt of beliefs which so unfailingly confirm themselves? The most ardent adherent of his theory that all politicians are corrupt, rogues in themselves and encouragers of roguery in others, might grow suspicious when nothing at all ever appeared to go contrary to it. But all his theories are like that. It is his strength and also to some extent his weakness that he thinks in broad, firm lines. He is so sure of the general truth of what he is saying that he sweeps on regardless of shadowy but important reservations.

It is a weakness in that he thus sometimes damages his own case by being too sure of it. There are moments when we feel that he is not arguing with us, but telling us. Thus in expounding the course of the Reformation in England he tells us that:

The mass of England was Catholic in tradition and feeling during all the last half of the sixteenth century. Even into the beginning of the seventeenth the tradition survived. A good half of the people still had Catholic sympathies in the earlier years of James I. A quarter of them had, in varying degrees, Catholic sympathies (and half that quarter was willing to sacrifice heavily for the sake of openly confessing Catholicism) as late as the fall of the Stuarts in 1685-88.

It is not my business here to dispute that assertion, but to point out that as it stands it is no more than an assertion. It may be true, but Mr. Belloc gives us no reason for thinking it so, and we shall not in fact think it so unless we are predisposed either by admiration of Mr. Belloc or by a general espousal of his point of view to accept with docility whatever he tells us. Now this book, 'How the Reformation Happened,' is clearly intended for popular consumption. The author, always lucid by nature and by choice, is here especially determined to be understood and almost spells out the words of the lesson for us. The audience to which this teaching is addressed cannot know, has not even any means of guessing, on what evidence these generalizations are based. Does it therefore accept them on Mr. Belloc's assurance? It does not. It is more likely to do him the injustice of supposing that he makes assertions because he has no proofs. But, if it is unjust to him, he is also unjust to himself. No man can be more persuasive, no man can more tellingly propose and substantiate a new way of looking at history, when he chooses. Too often, however, he does not choose.

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The strength of a mind of this nature is in the freedom which it derives from its order. Mr. Belloc's

mind is like a well-organized, well-disciplined and well-furnished army. He can move it where, when and how he pleases, and bring it on to the battlefield in good condition. It is because he is so firm and sure that he can play the fool with such devastating irresponsibility. Of late the old note of exuberance has been a little missed in his occasional essays. In this new collection it bubbles out again. 'The Man Who Lashed Out' contains a speech by a politician to be paralleled only by Sir Charles Repton's speech at the company meeting in 'A Change in the Cabinet.' There is a good knockabout, with some history in it, on George II. Readers of the SATURDAY will remember both of these. There is an explanation of why Mr. Belloc does not read modern novels:

I cannot do it, because there has been put into my mind either by my Creator or by some little Dæmon, a sort of catch which jabs up and stops me reading after the first two or three lines. Indeed, when I do read a book (alas for me!) it is nearly always because I open it at random in the middle and find something that strikes me. But the beginning always knocks me out. When I read a beginning like this: "It was already dark and she was waiting," my mind gives way and I go back to some of the more simple problems of arithmetic or to a crossword puzzle. When I read, "John Henderson had for fourteen years sat upon his stool in the bank," I stop at once like a little ship striking the bar as it tries to get into harbour. A shock runs through me, and I see that it is all up.

He goes on to tell us what he can read—voyages to the planets "and as with the planets, so with Atlantis. I can eat Atlantis. No man can give me enough of Atlantis."

The calmness and confidence of a mind made up on all major things have also much to do with Mr. Belloc's power of exposition. 'How the Reformation Happened' may be criticized from certain points of view, but its clarity is beyond praise. No one who reads it with the least attention could ever be in doubt as to the author's meaning or fail to carry away with him an accurate recollection of that meaning.

From these books, recent products, it is interesting to turn to the 'Danton,' which is one of the first Mr. Belloc ever wrote. There is, after all, a change. The younger man hoped for more than the elder man does: he too saw about him a world that was rotten, but he expected to see changes, violent changes, in his own time. This belief shines through some of the splendid rhetoric of the book. The account of the last scene of Danton, outlined against the sunset as he went up to the guillotine, is full of a temper of hope which its possessor believes will be satisfied quite soon. Glorious deeds, the young Belloc thought, were waiting round the corner. He does not now despair, his system of thought prevents that, but he believes that we must be worse before we are better and that the betterment is not to be looked for in our own time. As a consequence, some of the colour and some of the clangour have gone, with some of the crudity, out of his prose.

"THE COMPANY OF JESUS"

The Jesuit Enigma. By E. Boyd Barrett. Cape. 128, 6d.

THE "Company of Jesus" is in some ways the most interesting and least known of all human societies. For this reason alone Mr. Barrett's book would be welcome. Writing as one who was for twenty years a Jesuit priest—he gives as one of his credentials a reproduction of his form of dismissal from the Order—he undoubtedly has authority on his subject. The circumstances of the dismissal are somewhat obscure, but the general impression the reader is led to form is that Dr. Barrett was very badly treated. Certainly Dr. Barrett himself thinks so and, as is humanly natural, resentment colours the account he gives of the Order. But he weakens his arguments by a too evident determination to see that

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the Jesuits have the worst of it. This is unfortunate, for the case against the Jesuits is thereby weakened. Dr. Barrett makes a mistake similar to Pascal's, and the natural result would be a damaging rejoinder, which might leave that useful person,

the plain man, a trifle bewildered.

Presumably the conception of Jesuitism most widely accepted is that which identifies the Order with the maxim "the end justifies the means." In a chapter headed 'A Calumny against the Jesuits 'Dr. Barrett examines this contention and rejects it, but he argues that Jesuits have practised if they have not preached the maxim. Pascal, of course, asserted that he had actually found it in a Jesuit treatise. The reply usually made is that the words were taken from their context and had a limited and specific reference and were in no sense given as a general rule. Unfortunately for this contention it is known that, as a Catholic writer put it, "St. Ignatius directed his disciples according to the maxim that more prudence and less piety is better than more piety and less prudence."

A second count in the indictment of the Jesuits is that for a long time they taught the ethical doctrine known as Probabilism. Their apologists usually state it in some such form as this: that in doubtful matters it is lawful to follow a "solidly probable opinion," although the opposite opinion is more probable. Whatever the correct formulation of the doctrine, there is no doubt whatever that it led to moral laxity and that it was adopted by the Jesuits from motives of policy, partly to make penitence easy, especially for the great. There was a still more complicated refinement known as Probabiliorism into which it is unneces-

sary to probe.

In money matters, Dr. Barrett contends, as in other respects, Jesuit practice is oddly at variance with their professed precepts. Poverty is embraced, but is held to be compatible with great possessions. It reminds him of Cardinal Allen's aphorism: " Apostolic men should not only despise money, they

should also have it."

According to Helvetius, the worst crime of the Jesuits was the excellence of their government. Of the point behind this remark Dr. Barrett does not himself aware. He condemns the society for the absolutism of its government, but does not consider the matter historically. A similar lack of historical treatment marks the references to divergences of teaching among Jesuits. In the first century of their existence, the Jesuits were equally remarkable for their emphasis on uniformity of teaching and their failure to secure it. Mariana's doctrine of tyrannicide is a classic example which Dr. Barrett quotes. But there were many others. Molina and the bulk of the Order taught a doctrine of grace very different from Thomism, though all were required to accept St. Thomas's theology. Sarasa taught the infallibility of conscience and Petavius applied the historical method to the evolution of dogma.

Beginning their career as an Order professing special obedience to Rome, with their discipline resolutely military, the Jesuits, who had been one of the most potent instruments of the counter-Reformation in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were suppressed by the Pope himself in the eighteenth, ostensibly on account of the disorder in the church for which they were responsible. In 1814 they were restored at the time reaction triumphed in Europe generally. Since then their fortunes have fluctuated in Catholic countries, and, in the main, their progress has only been unretarded in Protestant countries. To the customary charges against the Jesuits Dr. Barrett adds several which could only be brought by a former Jesuit. Such is the charge of espionage within the society and other unpleasant practices. Ar memory serves aright it was an English member of

the Society of Jesus whose advice to the followers of Christ was "Kill, kill, kill."

Dr. Barrett's good faith may be accepted. fair-mindedness is open to question. He quotes, it is true, Tyrrell's opinion that Jesuits, if obscurantist, are probably well meaning. Perhaps their most surprising characteristic as a whole has been their mediocrity. Dr. Barrett has written a deeply interesting but far from satisfactory work. One of the most desirable of yet unwritten books is an adequate one on the Order of Jesus.

THE CENTRAL AMERICANS

Central Americans: Adventures Impressions between Panama and Mexico. By Arthur Ruhl. Scribners. 12s. 6d.

WITH the development of the Pacific and the growth of traffic through the Panama Canal the strategic importance of Central America is steadily increasing, and in writing this account of the five Republics Mr. Ruhl has produced something which is really needed. Being a widely-travelled American. with a sense of proportion and a sense of humour, he is admirably fitted to study the effects of American penetration, peaceful and otherwise, on these Latin-Indian States; the fairness and knowledge with which he has handled his exacting subject make his new book a highly creditable piece of work.

In a most skilful blend of an entertaining travel journal and a political and economic sketch he emphasizes the fact that while the revolutions which are merely the attempts of adventurers to seize power are dwelt upon by the Press, the real and tragic revolution in these pastoral countries is the advent of American industrialism "for which nobody is to blame and which no amount of good-will on either

side can stop":

No ineptitude of our State Department seems to have any visible effect on the constantly increasing volume of our trade with the isthmian republics, and, whatever the oratory, all sorts of things from automobiles and concrete-mixers to breakfast foods and syndicated Sunday photographs continue their peaceful penetration.

He does not believe in the extreme indictments of "dollar diplomacy": his main criticism is that the United States have been at fault, not in their policy but in the lack of it, not in malice or unfriendliness but in ignorance and ineptitude. A particular point, of which he has evidently had repeated bitter experience, is the practice of the State Department of making the Central American legations a dumping ground either for the failures of the diplomatic service or for young men in a hurry to be promoted to somewhere which they have been led to consider not so far below their dignity. Even the best policy carried out through men of this stamp, or through experts with an unfortunate manner, is liable to arouse with an unfortunate manner, antagonism among a sensitive and polite people, and the American policy has suffered in addition from being very spasmodically applied by an ill-informed administration under the conflicting pressure of Wall Street and the American public:

An "expert" ought to look and act like an expert, and to have a decisive and sure, if not the grand, manner. If you are going to be bossed by an outsider, the pill is a good deal easier to swallow if his manners are sympathetic and engaging, and if he looks as if he knew what he were talking about. It is very disagreeable to have your bills, audited and your budgets cut down by some ill-dressed and depressing foreigner who looks as if he might be getting a tenth of the salary your little country is compelled to pay him had he stayed at home.

Nevertheless, he finds that the fervent antagonism to Yankee influence expressed by the newspapers and the party out of office does not as a rule mean much; it is often the sign of an inferiority complex which

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tends to disappear as the republics are sucked into tends to disappear as the republics are sucked into world affairs, and is being exorcised by their membership of the League of Nations. As an ex-president of Salvador remarked to him, "Whoever is in power, wants American help. Whoever is 'out,' thinks it convenient to attack America." Mr. Ruhl was in Nicaragua during the recent civil war, and gives an interesting account of the American intervention and its effects. His brief interview with the conservative President Diaz, who owed his office to the intervention, is a telling character sketch:

Land? Oh, there's plenty of land! No land problem in Nicaragua; you can always buy land if you want it. Schools? Oh, yes, plenty of schools! Not all there should be, of course, especially with the country upset like this, but plenty of schools, oh, yes! And now we shall have peace and prosperity let us hope. What we need most is capital, transportation, more railroads. Oh, yes, and automobiles, too; automobiles are a great help! Americans? Oh, no, no danger of thatwe we welcome American influence and help. Peace, capital, transportation, that's it . . . thank you very much if there's anything I can do for you . . . and I hope you will call again

With such an economy of words Mr. Ruhl contrives to cover a great deal of ground. The book is well illustrated and well produced; the map is decorative and nearly adequate.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

The Origin, Structure and Working of the League of Nations. By C. Howard-Ellis. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

Paris to Locarno and After. By

F. Alexander. Dent. 5s.
Britannica. By B. G. de Montgomery. Pax Britannica.

Methuen. 7s. 6d.

A World Outlook. By W. Watkin Davies. Methuen, 6s.

OF these four volumes only one, 'The Origin, Structure and Working of the League of Nations,' calls for detailed examination. This is not to say that the others have not considerable merits, but they deal with their respective subjects with a superficiality which is at times dangerous. 'From superficiality which is at times dangerous. 'From Paris to Locarno and After' is written with the best intentions in the world by the Lecturer in Modern History in the University of Western Australia, where, as the author points out, "library facilities for the study of international relations are computed. the study of international relations are somewhat restricted." It is an honest and straightforward It is an honest and straightforward account of the armaments problem, but in this country the student will prefer to go either to the official docu-ments themselves or to more detailed commentaries upon them.

At first sight ' Pax Britannica' might appear to be one of the commentaries in question. It devotes a long and interesting section to the economic position of the Empire, another section to Imperial diplomacy and inter-Imperial relations, and a third to the international situation. Fundamentally, Mr. Montgomery's ideas are sound. He has appreciated the fact that devotion to the Empire is fully compatible with devotion to the idea of the League, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the League, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the League, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the League, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the League, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the League, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is unfortunate that he idea of the league, but it is that he has paid so little attention to accuracy. Many of his statements are misleading and some of them are definitely inaccurate. To give two, of very many, small examples, it is not the fact that the Dominions are represented on the Permanent Court of International Justice, and it is misleading to assert that the famous Geneva Protocol " is the finest instrument for producing world war yet devised." The whole book is written from an unrealistic point of view, since there is not the least likelihood that the nations of Europe will, as Mr. Montgomery urges, "trust themselves to the advice of British statesmen," and one must question the truth of his assertion that

British views "are gradually gaining ground among the more enlightened members of the League."

'A World Outlook,' a collection of lectures delivered to W.E.A. classes, is a much sounder guide and is, in fact, a very interesting history of the development of international intercourse. here the author's likes and dislikes are sometimes a little too apparent, and it is difficult to agree that Italy "is the most perfect of democracies," or even that "nowhere else are the people so absolutely united in support of their rulers." Nevertheless, this book can be recommended to the many people who are beginning to realize how deeply international affairs affect the British Empire and its inhabitants.

Mr. Howard-Ellis's volume-apparently the first of three-is in an entirely different category. Its author is a firm believer in the League of Nations, and he is quite willing to meet, and to defeat, the opponents of that organization in argument. Many writers have dealt with the League during the last few years, but this book is undoubtedly the nearest approach to a perfect text book for the more serious student that has been produced. The author traces the beginnings has been produced. The author traces the beginnings of international co-operation in the nineteenth century, describes how the League appeared as a necessity at the end of the war, and studies in detail the Covenant, the Assembly, and Council, the Secretariat-General, the International Labour Organization and the Permanent Court of International Justice. He devotes chapters to international law and to the influence upon it of the establishment of the League, to the finances of the League and to its different organizations and their methods. The chapter on the Secretariat, this International civil service which has, despite most of the prophets, developed a very definite esprit de corps, is undoubtedly the fullest account of the origin, composition and working of that body that has ever appeared in print.

America debunked!

BIGGER AND BETTER

by CHARLES MERZ. 7/6

"Very amusing."-E. V. Knox ("Evoe" of Punch).

"Very amusing."—Sphere.

"Valuable as well as amusing."-Saturday Review.

"Capital fun."-Times.

"Merry and witty."-Arthur Waugh.

"Very quiet, very deadly. Fine entertainment."—J. B. Priestley.

GOLLANCZ

THE ENGLISH APHORISM

A Treasury of English Aphorisms. Edited with an Introduction by Logan Pearsall Smith. Constable. 7s. 6d.

A" a maxim; a precept contracted in a short sentence," and the Oxford Dictionary calls it "a short pithy sentence containing a truth of general import." In France it is familiar as a pensée, and a number of writers have devoted themselves specially to this form of literature. That fact and the superior neatness of the French language have led to the conclusion that English can boast nothing of the sort equal Lord Morley declared, the to their performances. Introduction tells us, that "in this department our literature is particularly weak." This is not true, This is not true, as Mr. Pearsall Smith shows in his excellent collec-The reason for the scanty recognition of the English aphorism is that it is not easy to find, not being composed by a professional who writes nothing It is the by-product of, say, a writing banker like Bagehot, a poet like Shenstone, or a peer in public life like Chesterfield. The defence of the last supplied by the collector is welcome. It is not too much to say that he was one of the few patriots to be discovered among a horde of politicians. The great Marquis of Halifax is a master of the aphorism well revived here. Emerson is better known for his clear-cut jewels of thought, for they remain in the minds of those who have vainly endeavoured to get a coherent philosophy out of his writings. With him might have figured Thoreau, an original who added With him something new and true to the long discussion of friendship beginning with Cicero. We are glad to see the gifts of George Eliot recognized. Her writing, frequently censured as heavy, includes some admirable gnomic brevities. The section on 'Taste' might have ended with an excerpt from 'Daniel Deronda,' recently ascribed to Lord Rosebery, difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections."

Mr. Smith inserts paragraphs like Hamlet's exclamations on man and Johnson's protest against the supposition of decay in old age which are hardly aphorisms, but this is a relief in a collection which would be otherwise too full of short sentences and is generally confined to prose. The whole is not to be read straight off, except by a specialist incapable of mental indigestion. It is well varied and shows research, though there was room, perhaps, for more from authors of no great note to-day. Such are Feltham in his 'Resolves,' Colton, the author of 'Lacon,' Garnett in his 'De Flagello Myrteo,' an exquisite breviary for lovers, and the two Hare brothers, who were impelled by their admiration of the French pensée to compose 'Guesses at Truth.' Inclined to priggishness, they made some maxims which please us, including "Sense must be very good indeed to be as good as good nonsense," and "Few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are." The 'Pilgrim's Scrip' (not "Script") of Meredith is noted in the Introduction, but does not appear in the section on 'Women' or 'Marriage.' Here Stevenson's remark on domesticating the recording angel deserved inclusion, if not Henry James's in 'The Lesson of the Master,' "It's a great thing to have a wife who's sure of all the things one can do without. One might never find them out one-self." Mere inversions of familiar phrases such as Oscar Wilde made popular have no depth as a rule, but satisfy the shallow-minded. The paradox is showy but grows tedious by repetition; as the readers of a real living wit know.

France, which is too cynical, cherished the brilliant pessimism of Tacitus, and several of the English examples may owe something to the earlier classical

treasury. Thus Martial dwelt more than once on Emerson's "We are always getting ready to live, but never living." The common fault of English reflection is, or was, an excess of prudential morality. Mr. Pearsall Smith has, of course, a taste which relieves us of these banalities, and he gives us full measure of men like Hazlitt and Johnson, whose wisdom is not confined to Boswell's record of it. Stimulating as Johnson is, he dominates too far the section of 'Authors,' where for variety we might add Stevenson's "The mere act of writing seems to cheer the vanity of the most incompetent," and Gissing's "The world has no pity on a man who can't do or produce something it thinks worth money." Among the moderns Jowett and Creighton reach distinction, and among the living Dr. Santayana has a conspicuous charm. He knows that "almost every wise saying has an opposite one, no less wise, to balance it." This reminds us of George Eliot's remark that people confronted by the complexities of life cannot live on maxims. A Tupper has no audience to-day; behaviour is out of date; and a largely sterile irony has entered into most writing souls.

A WEST COUNTRY BIRD-WATCHER

The Lure of Bird-Watching. By E. W. Hendy. Cape. 7s. 6d.

The tradition that if you are writing about birds for the scientist or the masses it hardly matters how badly you write, and that if you are writing for the people in between who are simply interested in birds your style must be high-flown and picturesque has a very pernicious effect on the quality of our bird literature. Between the arid pedantry of many contributors to the world's greatest and dullest ornithological journal, or the illiteracy of the popular nature-photographer or the affectation of many imitators of Richard Jefferies and W. H. Hudson, there seems remarkably little to choose. The whole lesson of nature-writers from Gilbert White down is that a simple direct record is always most effective and most permanently readable, while not one in a hundred of those who try a more pretentious line can get away with it.

We could hardly find a better example of the blighing effects of tradition than 'The Lure of Bird-Watching,' for Mr. Hendy is an excellent observer, and sometimes an excellent writer also, when he can avoid lapsing into extravagant rhetoric or mere facetiousness. Unfortunately it is hard to read far without coming up against one of these faults or the other, and the fact that they are used more or less alternately does little to improve the effect. As an author, he has still to learn the unpleasant rule that when a passage sounds particularly fine it should be ruthlessly scored through. But in spite of his self-conscious style has produced a book worth reading. As an observe he possesses imagination, originality, a sense of proportion and remarkable descriptive powers; not many of the innumerable bird books which pour out every season contain so much fresh material, obtained through direct watching of birds in the field. His notes on the division of labour between the sexes in nest-building or feeding the young, on territory, language, incubation periods and so on, are detailed, accurate and interesting. A fair sample of these is the account of the peregrine:

The tiercel remained on guard, motionless on a pinnack above the nest, for most of the day, though he occasionally took short flights.

took short flights.

The falcon, apparently, did all the hunting; it was always she who returned with the evening meal, between 4 and p.m., and who gave the youngsters their supper. I could see her come sailing above the cliffs, her heavy flight denoting that she carried a burden. She would perch on a rocky buttress, some thirty or forty yards from the eyrie, and ...

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fly to the "nest"; there she would break up the already plucked quarry, and stuff gobbets down the maws of the eyases who scrabbled over each other, keening and crying for the morsels. She broke up the prey for the young with both beak and claws, and occasionally took food herself while feeding them. As they grew older and stronger, some of the eyases fed themselves without her assistance. After feeding the young, the falcon usually preened herself carefully. carefully. . . .

Mr. Hendy seriously limits his scope by refusing to give away anything about really rare birds, from a laudable interest in their preservation. He nevertheless concentrates on the moderately rare. He seems unaware that such powers of observation focused on much commoner species might yield at least equally valuable results. Such a devotion to rarities has brought us to the curious position of knowing more about them in some respects than we know about the most abundant forms. Mr. J. C. Squire contributes an Introduction. Some trouble has been taken over the illustrations, which are above the average.

MEAT AND DRINK

Dinners Long and Short. By A. H. Adair.

Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

A Wayfarer in French Vineyards. By
E. I. Robson. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

The Art of Dining. By Thomas Walker.

Cayme Press. 21s.

THE first two of these additions to the epicure's library are books which do not quite correspond with the intentions of their quite correspond with the intentions of their writers: Mr. Adair, having set out to be practical, is sometimes not precise enough about proportions and times for his purpose, and Mr. Robson, professing to be little more than topographical, is often very informative about wine itself. With some reservations, we welcome both books, but perhaps neither writer has quite perceived the situation of the reader who aspires to the pleasures of the table without possessing an ample knowledge of how to procure them. quite correspond how to procure them.

As regards food, his wistful enquiries elicit nothing but recipes, of which there are far too many in print. He asks for bread and is given yet another tome. What he needs, really, is a ten minutes' lecture on first principles. Given these first principles (as that all roasting should be before an open fire, that meats which are to retain their juices should be sealed by being subjected to the maximum heat first, that frying should ordinarily be in a medium that covers the object) and some thirty basic formulæ, relating chiefly to stocks and sauces, the humblest amateur may put the professional spoiler of food in her proper place. Without them, another recipe is only another opportunity for Mary Jane to play practical jokes on raw material. Mr. Adair's recipes are mostly good, and some, as would be expected from a writer associated with M. Boulestin, are novel. It is to his credit that he encourages simplicity, and does not scorn homely dishes. Occasionally he misses a chance, as when in dealing with saddle of hare he does not recommend the use of a wine-glass of gin for swilling out the pan to make the sauce. (If he has never tried this, we urge him to do so.) But the point is that his pleasant and in its way useful book is far too vague about the principles of cookery

about the principles of cookery.

In the matter of wine, Mr. Robson has done a real service to the traveller by mentioning many of the minor wines which enjoy a local repute. Those, however, are for a minority, and for them only on occasion. What of the average, stay-at-home consumer? Mr. Adair finds room in his cookery book for a list of typical commendable wines which must not be criticized for incompleteness, but which is too

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arbitrary. Why leave out of a list of the best second growths of Claret such beautiful wines as Rauzan-Ségla and the three Léovilles and out of the third growths Malescot-Exupéry, with its exquisitely delicate perfume? Why include Calon Ségur, which is quite often rather dull? Mr. Robson, who deals not at all in lists and not much in comparisons of quality, is extremely interesting in treating of little wines generally and particularly of those encountered in Burgundy. We do not, however, recollect mention of Brouilly. It and some other of the Beaujolais wines are what most English people have not so much as heard of— Burgundies best drunk from the wood at quite an early age. The natural cheerfulness of Mr. Robson does not hide from him the seriousness of the wine position in several great areas, of which Burgundy is one. He notes the efforts to mitigate evils; in our opinion, as far as this country is concerned, there will be no safety for the inexpert until as a matter of course every consumer insists on the exact place of origin, shipper's name and date being given on every bottle. As things are here to-day, restaurants and hotels, and even some reputable wine merchants, offer their wares under such vague designations as "Médoc," "St. Julien," "Beaune," "Pommard."
Such a book as Mr. Robson's will at least help to

fix in the minds of some readers the topography of the great wine areas of France, about which he writes so pleasantly, and discourage the idea that only the regions best known to Englishmen produce good wine. It will arouse the suspicion that Hermitage is a very great wine, that complementary to Cognac there are Armagnac and the most "grapey" of all Brandies, the eau de vie de marc of Beaune.

The Cayme Press and Mr. Filson Young are to be thanked for handsomely reviving Thomas Walker, a bold reformer to whom and to the Thackeray of the gastronomic essays and to Sir Henry Thompson we owe the slowly achieved simplification of the English dinner. It was the wisdom of Walker to perceive that most people misunderstood the principle of variety, having, as he said, excessive variety at each meal and hardly any variety as between meals. He was sagacious also in demanding small parties, preferring a company of eight, as a generation later did Sir Henry Thompson for his famous "octaves, where Mr. Saintsbury, promoting the sonnet form above ottava rima, has inclined to fourteen. Indeed, in all that relates to the conditions of pleasant dining he displays excellent judgment. About wine, however, he is less free from the errors and prejudices of his period. He countenances the dilution of Port with water, he is fanatical about with water, he is fanatical about with water. with water; he is fanatical about sticking to one or two wines through a meal, though even with the greatest red wines full appreciation is generally lost after the third glass and with most of the fine white wines after the second; he is vague about the German wines, and perhaps unaware of the range of the Clarets and of the existence of Hermitage. But he did strike a brave blow for Champagne, and Mr. Filson Young, in condemning the mania for dryness at all costs strikes another: the latter might have added, to clinch the matter, two objections fatal to the common English usage. Very dry Champagne will not bear the degree of icing desired in England, and will not allow of the enjoyment of other wines at the same

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THERE is a woodcut frontispiece to this book by Mr. John Nash which in subject recalls Marcus Stone's frontispiece to 'Our Mutual Friend.' There is a horror in this woodcut, a grimness which would have suited well the Dickens of Tom-HERE is a woodcut frontispiece to this book by

all-Alones and Lizzie Hexam. It suits less well, perhaps, with Miss Woodward: there is grimness enough in her book but no glamour; horror but no romance. It is the bare and fearful story of her own unbringing in horror but no romance. fearful story of her o story or slum. fearful story of her own upbringing in a Bermondsey slum. She is unsentimental even about her own mother. We share her admiration for the dogged pertinacity and silent endurance of that suffering woman, but we see clearly that poverty and work and physical pain had made he harsh and unlovable. Miss Woodward does not hide the bruises which came of her mother's blows "aimed without feeling or restraint." "She had no love to give us and, thank God, she never pretended what she did not feel." There is a terrible dialogue which Miss Woodward overheard when she was a little girl, between her mother and a Mrs. Murphy, the mother of a deformed child called Crazy. The crux of that dialogue is: "Pity you didn't turn over on Cray when she was born. Saved yourself a lot of trouble." A different philosophy for a child to absorb from that of the creator of Miss Wren.

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It is difficult to review him. His work is never raw; it is in an extraordinary degree pre-digested. The able critic and reviewer who is sleepless (too sleep less) within Mr. Huxley himself leaves little scope for the comments of external colleagues. Moreoverpersonal matter-to criticize him one cannot help identifying oneself in some measure with the literary men who throng the pages of 'Point Counter Point,' men who have taken to journalism "as a drug," men like Burlap, whose talk is specious but whose private

lives. . . However, here goes.
'Point Counter Point' is a novel of some six hundred pages, a crowded canvas filled with all sorts and conditions of men and women, for the most part interested in art, science, politics, philosophy and love, generally intelligent, always articulate, and liable to be seen at Lady Edward Tantamount's even-ing parties in Pall Mall. Mr. Huxley arranges them in little groups, each with its own centre of interest, each with its relation, conversational, or amorous, to the rest; and these groups he manipulates (as far prose can do it) contrapuntally, the various motives succeeding and interlocking with each other. It is said that art should approximate to the condition of music, and Philip (one of the most sympathetic figures in the book) explains how he means to apply the theory to novel-writing. But the "condition of music" cannot be attained merely by imitating musical technique.

Prose can convey a sequence of single moods and mark the transition between them. It can only feebly present the interaction of ideas, it is too fluid a medium of expression. The motives that should enhance and illustrate each other converge like rivers and forfeit their identity. In Mr. Huxley's work the

supply of ideas is enormous, the play of mood limited.

For a general criticism of the novel, and all Mr.

Huxley's novels, one cannot do better than refer to Philip, that clever, gentle, diffident, sensitive creature, welcome whenever he appears, a piano passage in the general blare:

he general blare:

"I wish one day [says his wife] you'd write a simple straightforward story about a young man and a young woman who fall in love and get married and have difficulties, but get over them and finally settle down."

"Or why not a detective novel?" He laughed. But if, he reflected, he didn't write that kind of story, perhaps it was because he couldn't. In art there are simplicities more difficult than the most serried complications. He could manage the complications as well as anyone. But when it came to the simplicities he lacked the talent—that talent which is of the heart, no less than of the feelings, the sympathies, the intuitions, no less than of the analytical understanding. The heart, the heart, he said to himself. "Perceive ye not, neither understand? Have ye your heart yet hardened?" No heart, no understanding. . . . "That simple story of yours," he said aloud, "it wouldn't do. . . . It would have to be solid and deep. Whereas I am wide; wide and liquid. It wouldn't be in my line."

This passage, of course, overstates the case. 'Point Counter Point 'is both solid and deep; but its solidity and depth are intellectual, its foundation

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d to in life is more flimsy. The reasons for this are plain. Mr. Huxley is a Puritan, perhaps a Manichee, and a moralist. He regards the physical and intellectual functions of mankind as hopelessly irreconcilable; men are, as the verse says, "vainly begot and yet forbidden vanity, created sick, commanded to be sound." The consciousness, tormented by this self-division, must take one side or the other, and he throws in his lot with the intellect. But so self-lacerating is his sensitiveness that it takes perverse delight in dwelling on all the more discreditable links between man and on all the indeed discretifiation in the matter. In his jaundiced regard imperial Cæsar is always clay stopping a hole. Sick-room incidents, the phenomena of illness, revolt him so much that he harps on them for pages. One of his characters in youth gets hold of a pornographic novel describing the amorous adventures of a major. The book inflicts on him so deep a psychic wound that when, later, his mother marries en secondes noces a military man he never forgives her. Towards the end of the book the wretched Philip's house is the scene of a double tragedy, his little son dying of meningitis, his father-in-law dying of cancer. Mr. Huxley's world is a hospital, in which there are no screens and all the physical signs of illness are ruthlessly insisted upon. These dismal convictions Mr. Huxley illustrates by

a thousand manifestations of modern life. He seems to omit nothing; there is even mention of a Baby Austin. He overwhelms us with knowledge, wit, feats of caricature. Almost everything Mr. Quarles says is funny. There is an unremitting crescendo of pace, volume and excitement, until with murder and melodrama symbolizing the activities of the flesh, and Beethoven's air in the Lydian mode signifying the aspirations of the spirit, the book reaches a violent end. One gasps. Mr. Huxley, like Mr. Dreiser, has given life a very bad name. But was it worth while collecting all this curious evidence to establish a charge, the groundlessness of which is obvious to

anyone? I think it was; for setting aside Mr. Huxley's conclusions, where else shall brilliant and compendious a diagnosis of the modern world? Most novelists are content to describe it without reference to the progress of scientific discovery; Mr. Huxley takes all knowledge for his province and simplifies without vulgarizing it. A curious scientific fact awakes him to passion; he has a power akin to Donne's of investing it with poetry. His mind finds categories everywhere; no two objects so dissimilar that he cannot fit them into a relationship. the fire of his scrutiny the most prosaic, concrete object, a poker for instance, loses its material quality and is melted into a solution where pokers are as abstract as thoughts. It is not his technique, excellent as that is, but the unifying power of his vision that exalts his work into the condition of music.

'The Bishop's Wife' is a fantasy about a bishop who said he must have an angel for an archdeacon—and got one. The allegory after the manner of its

who said he must have an angel for an archdeacon—and got one. The allegory, after the manner of its kind, is hard to follow. The new archdeacon helps to raise subscriptions for the cathedral; his presence reminds the bishop's wife of pleasures she never had in the society of her over-busy husband. Three delightful children are the best thing in the book. It is exceedingly well written, but its fantasy has not the imagination to atone for its slightness.

The setting of 'The Desert Moon Mystery' is a de luxe ranch in Nevada, complete with electricity, fixed basins and even a chute for the ashes. It is a thrilling and fairly horrible story: there are no less than three murders and a suicide. The characters are vivid and natural with the exception of the millionaire, who with his nature would probably have been an angel rather than a rich man. The secret is well kept and the various side issues are interesting and bewildering. Mr. Strahan's real humour makes a welcome change from the deadly scientific seriousness or strained flippancy of most detective stories.

TONIC TALKS TO MEN AND WOMEN (Continued)

Feeling Tired over

The tiredness that follows hard work or hard play is natural and often enjoyable. Even simple mental tiredness can be lost in healthy sleep. But, as many of us know, there is a third kind of tiredness, an utter weariness of mind and body that fills us with depression. That is the tiredness of exhausted nervesthe commonest complaint of our hustling, will make you your old self again.



civilisation. Fortunately, there is a remedy that will revitalize the nerves and build-up the system. Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites "FELLOWS" is a scientific compound of mineral salts and tonic agents, specially effective for weakened nerves. If you are at all rundown, a short course of this excellent tonic

Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

SHORTER NOTICES

The Dragon Awakes. By A. Krarup-Nielsen. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

The Dragon Awakes. By A. Krarup-Nielsen. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

THIS is an excellent translation of a most readable book. The author was summoned to China as a war-correspondent in April, 1927, and had some lively experiences during the next four or five months, which he describes vividly. He seems to have the true war-correspondent's genius for getting to the scene of action and for ingratiating himself with all sorts and conditions of men—and women. There is a most amusing account of the way in which he got up to the front in General Chiang-Kai-Shek's own special train by dint of sheer bluff; it was probably touch and go whether he and his companions would be hauled out and shot, instead of which the awe-inspiring General "smiled and blowed most amiably "as he saw the three white faces looking from a compartment inscribed "Death to all Imperialists"—under which head foreigners were at that time always included. His interview with the so-called Christian General Feng Yu-Hsiang was a remarkable feat: that alarming figure became so friendly that one of his interviewers ventured to ask: "Are you still a Christian, sir?" Feng stroked his stubbly cheeks, and pointed to his dirty shirt and creased army trousers, asking with a broad grin, "Do I look like a Christian?" Again it must have been a near thing: Feng had an agreeable habit of asking people whom he distrusted to dinner and chopping off their heads with the dessert. The account of a long conversation with the inscrutable Borodin is also very curious reading. Mr. Krarup-Nielsen thinks highly of our own countrymen, as is shown by his account of the marines at Hankow and the chief Constable at Singapore.

An Outline History of the Great War. By G. V. Carey and H. S. Scott. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

H. S. Scott. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

THE aim of this "concise narrative of the War in outline" is to supply some knowledge of that world-wide cataclysm to "the men and women of to-morrow." The authors justly observe that "it is sometimes a shock to find that the youth of to-day is often ignorant of the very names of the chief battles of the War." They have done their work with skill, and their own experience of the war—one was a Major in the Rifle Brigade, the other a Captain in the Artillery—has enabled them to add to their severely compressed narrative an occasional touch of the true stinking, gloomy, yet inspiring atmosphere in which so many lived and so many died in those years of trial. The narratives of Jutland, of the first Battle of the Somme, of the German offensive in 1918, are specially notable for these brilliant and incisive touches: nothing, again, could be more vivid and more true to fact than the brief description of fighting in the air on page 151. The concluding chapter is a highly successful attempt "to summarise very briefly the attitude and experience of those who walked through the valley of the shadow of death." No better book could be put into the hands of those who ought to know what the war was like and how it ran its course. There are a few well-chosen photographs and a number of adequate sketch-maps.

Epochs of Greek and Roman Biography. By D. R. S. University of California Press. Berkeley. Ca. \$3.26.

University of California Press. Berkeley. Ca. \$3.26.

THE eight chapters of which this book is composed contain the substance of a course of lectures delivered in the University of California on a subject which has attracted little attention in this country, though a considerable amount of work has been done on it in Germany, and in America—the origin and development of the methods of modern biographical methods in classical writings. Early materials are so scanty that in the building up of a history there is scarcely enough of the straw of fact to bind together the clay of theory into the necessary bricks for the fabric, but Prof. Stuart traces the growth of the biographical instinct from memoirs in the fifth century to eulogies and encomia in the fourth, and character sketches embedded in historical works to the full-fledged biography written with an ethical purpose, combining a portraiture of the man, a commemoration of his fame, and a picture of the times and places in which he lived. The book would have been much improved if all trace of the lecture room had been removed. A sentence like this—"Often it is the significance of his subject that the biographer assumes he must undertake the responsibility of justifying"—may pass in the heat of speech, but is unbearable in cold print. The work is a piece of sound scholarship, which fills a gap in English studies. cold print. The work is a gap in English studies

Do We Agree? Cecil Palmer. 1s. 6d.

THE answer is in the negative. Nor is the fact surprising seeing that the two disputants were Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Chesterton is a Distributivist and Mr. Shaw a Socialist, and between these two there is a great gulf fixed. The extent of their disagreement was revealed in a recent debate at which Mr. Hilaire Belloc took the chair and kept the peace. This small book is, as the editor modestly confesses, "something less than a verbatim report" of the debate, but (at this distance of time) 'twill serve. Most of the epigrams have been recalled and recorded. This, for instance, from Mr.

Shaw: "Mr. Chesterton tells and prints the most extravagant lies. He takes ordinary incidents of human life—commonplace middle-class life—and gives them a monstrous and strange and gigantic outline." And this, from Mr. Chesterton: "Mr. Shaw is making abstract diagrams of triangles, squares, and circles, we are trying to paint a portrait, the portrait of a man." The audience can hardly have complained that they had been sent empty away, and many of them will no doubt be glad to possess a souvenir of this display of verbal fireworks.

Alice in the Delighted States. By Edward Hope. Routledge.

7s. 6d.

MR. HOPE has attempted to adopt the method of 'Alice in Wonderland' to a running satire of present-day manners, mood and habits in the United States, and contrives to make the adventures of his heroine amusing for a certain number of pages. He brings her into contact with Rotary Clubs, Babbits, Messrs. Mencken and Nathan, the Customs authorities and other conspicuous features of the American landscape. Soon, however, his method defeats itself in the monotony of constant change, while the quick succession of puns, page after page, tends to render the style as tiresome as this type of wit can render conversation in life.

Stage Favourites of the Eighteenth Century. By Lewis Melville. Hutchinson. 21s.

Hutchinson. 21s.

MR. LEWIS MELVILLE has abundant material from which to make vivid personal studies of eighteenth-century stage-life. With such writers as Cibber and Molloy on whom to draw, his authorship becomes a matter of collation rather than creation. He does not raise big general issues about the competence and the standards of the eighteenth-century theatre, but is happy to present the portraits and the life stories of the leading ladies. The former seem to us strangely unalluring; to have large and liquid eyes was apparently sufficient; the rest of the face could be as heavy as a pudding. But these ladies, although they seem on canvas to be dull and phlegmatic, were creatures of high animation and short temper. The scene behind the scenes at Drury Lane or Covent Garden in the time of Peg Woffington or Kitty Clive must have been lively when one of these ladies was being pettish. Their rises to fortune make romantic reading and it is worth while noticing that even those who had least education could attain to a vigorous and charming command of written English. Kitty, for instance, spelled badly, but he letter-writing was far beyond the standard of the much-educated miss of to-day.

Green Magic. A Collection of the World's Best Fairy Tales from all Countries. Edited and arranged by Romer Wilson. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Cape. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a highly appetizing collection of tales, and there can be nothing but praise for the way the editorial work has been done. Not only Grimm, Andersen, and Perrault—people as English to us nowadays as Shakespeare is German to the Germanbut numerous foreign bodies are to be found here, such as Mijatovitch, Björnson, Isperescu, and Kunos; and the story of Perseus, in Kingsley's version, occupies a substantial place. Miss Wilson deserves the gratitude of her grown-up readers for having rescued from oblivion 'The Life and Perambulations of a Mouse,' which was written by "M.P." in the eighteenth century and was one of the favourite tales of Charlotte Yonge. We deplore, however, Miss Wilson's extremely arch introduction, which begins with the famous sentimental cant: "Do you believe in fairies?" In the best juvenile circles belief in fairies is no longer considered necessary for salvation; and it is certainly not necessary to the full enjoyment of fairy tales. To ask such a question in such a place merely draws a red hering across the path of literary appreciation: it is like asking a potential reader of 'Paradise Lost' if he "believes in "Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden. Miss Brunton's illustration are well enough, though we in our childhood preferred—and still prefer—something less mannered and self-conscious.

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Company Meeting

AUTO ELECTRIC DEVICES

PREPARING FOR QUANTITY PRODUCTION

The STATUTORY MERTING of Auto Electric Devices Ltd. was held on Thursday last at the Holborn Restaurant, W.C., Mr. Lewis Gordon (the Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. C. Hastings) having read the notice

The Chairman said: Ladies and Gentlemen, the Report certified by our Auditors has been in your hands for some days, and shows that 700,000 shares have been issued, of which 120,000 shares have been allotted in full satisfaction of the purchase price of the business and assets of the J. & C. Manufacturing Company, Limited, and 580,000 shares have been issued for cash, the total cash received being £29,000. Capital expenditure at date of Report amounted to £91 8s. 6d., leaving a balance on Capital Account of £28,909 11s. 6d. Preliminary expenses have been met by an option on 100,000 shares at par. That completes the formal statement which we have to present to you to-day in order to comply with the Companies Act.

In addition to the option referred to, the underwriting of the usue of 580,000 shares was met by a further option on 100,000 hares at par. Neither of these options has been exercised. You fill notice, therefore, that no cost has fallen on the Company bot the promotion, formation or the underwriting, and the capital position at present is that out of £35,000 issued and allotted we have a balance on hand of approximately £28,000. That in the opinion of the Directors is sufficient working capital.

The chief asset acquired is the invention of an automatic selfwinding motor for use on gramophones. Patent protection has been applied for. All the requirements of the Patent Office have been complied with, and in the opinion of the Patent Agents, Messrs. Marks and Clerk, it now seems only a matter of the usual procedure for the specification to be accepted.

Since the incorporation of the Company we have obtained a lease of the premises occupied by the J. & C. Manufacturing Company, Limited, also additional floor space, and we are satisfied that these premises are entirely suitable for the purpose of the Company, and sufficient for our immediate requirements.

with regard to the automatic self-winding motor we have up to the present produced two or three units, but these have been made by hand. Work since the incorporation of the Company has been exclusively directed to preparing the way for quantity production. In this respect our programme has been somewhat delayed, but the time has been well spent. Owing to the untiring energy and resourcefulness of our Managing Director, Mr. Johnson, improvements have been made in detail, resulting in increased efficiency and quality and simplification of manufacture. These advantages, in the opinion of your Board, outweigh any consequent delay in getting into production. During the period of tooling up for quantity production there may occur certain disappointments and delays, and there still remains a good deal of preliminary work before we arrive at the producing stage.

THE POTENTIAL DEMAND

We are satisfied that there is a potential demand for a simple and efficient self-winding motor for gramophones, and present indications encourage us to look forward to a market for our motors which should yield a satisfactory margin of profit. When the time comes our Shareholders will be advised (there are some 700 of them) and it is hoped that all who have the advantage of electric current will avail themselves of the opportunity of having an A. E. D. Automatic Self-winding motor fitted to their gramophones, and will also recommend their friends to do the same.

I wish to say a few words with regard to the form your Capital takes. You may have recently read comments with reference to Is. shares, generally referred to as gambling counters. Our Capital comes under this category as far as the denomination of the shares is concerned. We are engaged in developing a new invention with the risks and possibilities which in the nature of things attach to such an adventure. We have a very small capital, and the Issuing House would have experienced more difficulty in distributing the shares so widely if the capital had taken a different form, and a large body of shareholders is an asset. With regard to that other feature of some shares of this denomination, my colleagues and I deprecate, if I may reature to say so, indulgence in exaggerated optimism and I have tried to-day to give you a plain statement of our progress and prospects without embellishment. We face the future with sober confidence based on the results already obtained, an example of which we have here to-day. xample of which we have here to-day.

The device was then demonstrated and explained by Mr. N. G. Johnson, the Managing Director and inventor, to the evident satisfaction of the Shareholders, and the proceedings terminated.

SENSATIONAL CASE

THE TRIUMPH OF RADIUM OVER RHEUMATISM

The Well-known Authoress Lilly Porthan Relates Her Experiences

"A small grey piece of flannel that looked like worn-out homespun." Thus begins the Authoress in her account of her experiences of "Radicura" radium packs. She continues:—So simple and unassuming is the external appearance of the celebrated Radium pack "Radicura." But it contains radium, which substance for the human body means health and strength. And therefore the pack is worth far more than gold and iewels.

As I' have myself been entirely cured of serious rheumatism in the joints by these packs, I wish to convince other sufferers of the wonderful and rapid paregoric qualities which the

in the joints by these packs, I wish to convince other sufferers of the wonderful and rapid paregoric qualities which the "Radicura" packs possess.

A year ago I fell ill with severe pains, which began in both knees and quickly spread to all the joints of the body. The doctor declared that it was a most severe kind of rheumatism in the joints, and very hard to cure. Medicines, compresses, electricity, nothing relieved or helped. The pains were horrible. The joints had become much inflamed, and I could not in the slightest degree move the left arm and the right leg. New ointments, new compresses. All in vain!

Every day I had fever, and the heart weakened through waking and pains. A burning headache gave me a presentiment that the rheumatism had already reached so high up. The sight became bad, and even the eyes ached, so that I saw everything as through a red mist.

I had myself lost all hope. Then I heard something spoken of that was sure to cure. Just as a drowning person will clutch at even the weakest support, so I did at the new remedy which would be sure to cure me. It was ordered and it came. I must admit that it was with a feeling of great disappointment, almost of contempt, that I examined the plain Spartan piece of flannel which was called "Radicura," and which would for certain restore me to health.

There on the sick-table was standing a considerable collection of proud jars containing expensive ointments, bottles of strongsmelling and richly-coloured liquids, and patent tablets in neat glass tubes. These had not helped at all. And now the small radium pack was going to show them all what it could do.

It was placed on the most affected knee. And I waited. After about half an hour I fell asleep. When I woke up.

It was placed on the most affected knee. And I waited. After about half an hour I fell asleep. When I woke up, after having slept for three hours, the pain in the knee had grown considerably less and the fever had disappeared. The pack was placed on the shoulder. Two days later I could move grown considerably resolute. Two days later I could move as I liked the arm which had hitherto been stiff, and no pain was to be felt in it any more. Now I knew that it was the little pack which had brought me relief in my illness. I ordered a larger one. And thanks to these two packs I got quite well, so that, after having used the same night and day for four weeks, I had no more pains whatever and slept excellently. And my sight has grown much stronger since I have worn the pack on the forehead during the night. It was the radium, that wonderful substance which soothed and cured.

(Signed) LILLY PORTHAN.

(Signed) LILLY PORTHAN.

So much for the authoress. But it is not only against Rheumatism or its numerous forms that "Radicura" has proved its unique healing effect, but also against Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Insomnia, and other diseases which have their origin in defective metabolism. Our imposing collection of testimonials from persons in all ranks of society and in different countries bears witness to this.

Every "Radicura" bears a sealed certificate, signed by an eminent Government Geologist, attesting its Radio-activity.

It can be kept in the home for years and used again and still retain its activity. The "Radicura" material may be purchased for a few shillings and upwards according to size.

Read our interesting brochure; it may be obtained post free, together with testimonials, by posting the attached coupon.

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ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 344

ITALIAN POET-PATRIOT AND HIS BOOK (1788-1854)

Utensil: hides a town, if well you look.

This, sure, they are who all my riddles guess.

Conceals such rubbish as we may possess.

Two-thirds of Queen from mire and weeds that rose.*

Of printed lore he next to nothing knows.

The pith of that which in our breast aye springs.*

Money I lend on watches, garments, rings.

Of finch canary-like the heart draw forth.

Migrates in gwarms, this reduct of the North 6.

Of inch canary-like the heart draw forth.

Migrates in swarms, this rodent of the North.

One-third of shellfish not detached with ease.

A guinea-fowl decapitate now, please.

To this man, Come! to that man, Go! he said.

Four-sevenths of the back part of your head.

11.

* Pope, Essay on Man.

Solution of Acrostic No. 342

 As plain as a pikestaff," perfectly plain or clear.
 Otto von Bismarck-Schönhausen. ikestaf ortfoli turn the proud portfolio Which holds the grand designs UL nabashe D4 SU ark Of Salvator, of Guercino,
And Piranesi's lines.

Emerson: Ode to Beauty. mado ra m, rdea 4 Earless on high stood unabash'd De Foe.

Pope: Dunciad ii, 147.

Defoe stood in the pillory, but did not lose ativit

Detoe show his ears.

his ears.

George Meredith's tragic romance, The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, appeared in

"The vital problem which confronts the twentieth century is, how to preserve a tolerable standard of living for the inhabitants of this planet and at the same time to find sustenance and a place in the sun for twenty million newcomers every year."

Times Literary Supplement, July 26, 1928.

ACROSTIC No. 342.—The winner is Mr. Andrew Ken, 28 Bishopsgate, E.C., who has selected as his prize 'Shapes that Pass,' by Julian Hawthorne, published by Murray and reviewed in our columns on October 6 under the title 'Shorter Notices.' Sixteen other competitors chose this book, 14 named 'Christian IV,' 13 'Fifty Years of Spoof,' 12 'Come by Chance,' etc. ALSO CORRECT.—A. de V. Blathwayt, Miss Carter, J. Chambers, Clam, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Sir Reginald Egerton, Elizabeth, G. M. Fowler, Violet Hargreaves, John Lennie, Madge, Martha, Margaret, Met, Mrs. M. Milne, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Rho Kappa, Hon. R. G. Talbot, M. T., Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu.

Peter, Rho Kappa, Hon. R. G. Talbot, M. T., Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu.
One Light Wrong.—A. E., Armadale, E. Barrett, Boskerris, Carlton, Ceyx, Chailey, Crayke, Dhualt, Farsdon, Glamis, Hanworth, W. P. James, Jeff, George W. Miller, Quis, G. H. Rodolph, St. Ives, Stucco, C. J. Warden.
Two Lights Wrong.—Mrs. Robt. Brown, M. de Burgh, W. H. Carter, Maud Crowther, D. L., Dolmar, Jop, Lilian, Lady Mottram, Shorwell, Thora, Twyford, Zyk. All others more.

Lady Mottram, Shorwell, Thora, Twylord, Zyk. All others more.

For Light 3 Prado and for Light 4 Unashamed and Undaunted miss the literary allusions, and therefore are not accepted. As regards Light 5, "When the sky falls we shall catch plenty of larks" is a well-known proverb.

G. H. Rodolph.—Alimentation, "the act of giving nourishment" or supplying food to babies, etc., may wisely be made the business of one's life.

MADGE.—You had 4 Lights wrong, 6, 7, 11, 12. Numa was a King, not an Emperor; Aggrandization was not accepted. Boskerris.—It was not necessary to search through any minor poets. The fact that the Emperor. Antoninus Pius gave "Aequanimitas" as his last watchword has been on record for about 1,750 years.

M. W. MOORE.—Please send your address.

ACROSTIC No. 338.—One Light Wrong: Yendu.

OUR 25TH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Sixth Round the leaders are: C. J. Warden; Capt. W. R. Wolseley; Armadale, Carlton, John Lennie, Peter; Margaret; Clam, Yendu; Boskerris, Miss Carter, Madge, N. O. Sellam, St. Ives. Acrostic No. 340.—Two Lights Wrong: Peter.

MOTORING

By W. H. STIRLING

HE Motor Show, which closes to-day, proves the pre-eminence of British firms in automobile engineering. Not only has the trustworthiness and efficiency of their products been demonstrated, but also the resourcefulness and originality of design. The driving of a car will within a year or two become much simplified, and gear changing will no longer terrify beginners. The Armstrong-Siddeley people have shown a useful lead in the matter which, i imagine, other manufacturers will not be slow to follow. As regards price, the value of cars offered between £250 and £500 is remarkable.

The erection by foreign tyre makers of factories in this country for manufacturing their own tyres is evidently proving of benefit to the nation in more ways than one: first, by the employment of English labour and materials, and now through the reduction all round in the price of tyres. This will be welcomed the country of th by all motorists. A new Dunlop tyre, known as the "Fort," is one of the main features of interest on the Company's stand at Olympia. The cover is of special construction and was introduced recently to meet particularly arduous conditions. Following the reduction in tyre prices, Messrs. C. A. Vandervel, Ltd., are now able to announce that they have reduced the price of all popular car batteries as from October 10.

A fine performance was put up the week before last by an Austin "Seven," when it made the ascent and descent of Ben Nevis on the same day. The time taken going up was 7 h. 23 m., and 1 h. 55 m. coming down. Only a few years ago such a performance would have been impossible, especially by such a small car.



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CAPITAL PAID UP - 15,810,252

RESERVE FUND -10,000,000

DEPOSITS.&c. - 347,653,458

ADVANCES, &c. -- 194,757,519

ial and Foreign Department: 20, KING WILLIAM ST., E.C. 4.
Eastern Department: 14, KING WILLIAM ST., E.C. 4.

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POCKET TIN 1/10



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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

EVERAL times during the past twelve months I have referred to the epidemic of new issues. This week a record must have been established: no fewer than twenty prospectuses have appeared soliciting subscriptions from the public. Had these twenty issues referred to established businesses with a record of achievement from which the would-be investor could gauge the company's prospects, the fact that there were so many would not be of great importance. Unfortunately, however, this has not been the case, and the majority deal with the exploitation of new inventions, many of which probably cannot be turned into financial successes. It seems that those responsible for these issues are realizing that the boomlike conditions which have existed during recent months are not likely to continue very much longer, and therefore great efforts are being made to bring out these issues before the market takes a definite down-Within the next twelve months there is little doubt that investors who have applied for shares in many of these new ventures will find what an expensive mistake they have made. It is suggested that never in the history of the Stock Exchange have so many companies been formed the prospectuses of which are so doubtful. In pre-war days there was a rule on the London Stock Exchange that vendor shares could not be dealt in until after a certain interval of time had elapsed. This rule was abolished because it was easy to evade. It certainly seems that the Stock Exchange Committee would be well advised to reintroduce it in a more stringent form without further delay. The unreasonable demand for 1s. shares at a substantial premium in ventures of all classes has undoubtedly led to the appearance of many prospectuses in which the vendor takes the purchase price in this category of share and promptly unloads them on the public at a very substantial premium.

Readers of these notes have been warned during recent months to exercise the greatest caution in subscribing to these new issues; that warning is again repeated. Existing conditions are difficult for the financial writer. While the public have made money out of the low-priced shares that have risen, these could only be bought by those with no knowledge of financial matters who purchase blindly on a tip, and who are not in a position to appreciate the great risks they are running. Anyone who analyses the position of these companies in a large number of cases could not possibly have purchased their shares and participated in the rise that has occurred

The Gramophone industry during recent months has been responsible for a large number of issues, and it is definitely suggested that within the next twelve months many of them may cease to exist. Following on the steps of the gramophone companies come photographic companies. Stimulated by the success of the Photomaton Corporation, the original exploiters of an automatic photographic machine, other companies have been formed to exploit semi-automatic machines. These companies are adopting the policy of floating off subsidiaries to exploit their rights in other countries. If there is any future for this class of venture, it is probable that it will only be enjoyed by the Photomaton Corporation, who are

not merely first in the field with what is believed to be the only real automatic photographic machine but also have almost unlimited financial backing. Readen of these notes who hold shares in any of the other companies or their subsidiaries should realize the ability of selling their shares. These remarks do an apply to the Colour Photographs (British and Foreign Ltd., to which I drew attention last week.

The outstanding feature in the Industrial market The outstanding feature in the industrial marker last week was the announcement by the British American Tobacco Company dealing with the formation of a new subsidiary company under the name of the Tobacco Securities Trust. The formation of this company was foreshadowed in these notes on September 15, when reference was made to the rumours that the Board of the British American Technology was considering a scheme for the Tobacco Company were considering a scheme for the segregation of the company's share assets from its regular business. Actually it would appear that the British American Tobacco Company are handing one certain of their holdings in subsidiary companies to the new Trust. This new Trust is to have a capital of new Trust. This new Irust is to the first share £5,000,000 divided into 4,000,000 £1 ordinary shares. The ordinary £5,000,000 divided into 4,000,000 and 4,000,000 5s. deferred shares. The ordinary shares are to receive a non-cumulative dividend of 15% less tax, after which the profits are to be equal to the Ordinary and the Deferred. To supply the new Trust with funds, the British American Tobacco Company are taking up 1,000,000 of the forordinary shares for cash. Shareholders in the British American Tobacco Company are to receive one fully paid £1 ordinary share and one fully paid 5s. deferred share for every eight British American Toham shares held; this constitutes a very substantial bonus, which was foreshadowed by the rise in British American Tobacco shares during the past few weeks. This step taken by the British American Tobacco Company naturally focuses attention on the shares of the other great tobacco combine, the Imperial Tobacco Company. A bonus on Imperial Tobacco shares has long been overdue, and it is believed that some step similar to that taken by the British American Tobacco Company will in due course be announced by the Imperia Company. Meanwhile the fact must not be over-looked that as the Imperial Tobacco Company are believed to be holders of some 6,000,000 British American Tobacco shares, they will automatically receive a substantial increase in their share assets in the form of the bonus distribution of Tobacco Security ties Trust shares. It would appear that the Imperial Tobacco Company shares are still worth retaining.

HUGGINS

Exactly a year ago I drew attention to the shares of Huggins and Company, the well-known brewers. The price was then 66/6d.; shareholders this week have received a bid of 108/6d. for their shares—a bid which they should accept.

GAUMONT

It is interesting to note the demand that has spring up recently for Gaumont shares. These shares present an industrial investment of a very promising nature, and it will be surprising if within the next twelve months they are not standing appreciably higher than the present level.

TAURUS

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTI

INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds Exceed £35,690,800. Total Income Exceeds £10,462,00 LONDON: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2 EDINBURGH: 64 Princes Street

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ANGLO-SOUTH AMERICAN BANK

The Annual Meeting of the Anglo-South American Bank, was held on October 16 at Winchester House, London,

Mr. R. J. Hose (the chairman), after expressing regret at the deaths of Mr. Edward Bunge and Mr. Andrew Geddes, and anouncing that he (the chairman) had been succeeded in the position of managing director by Mr. W. E. Wells, formerly the general manager, said that during the past year further definite progress had undoubtedly been made towards the consolidation of international affairs upon a more stable basis. In that constituent in their own more immediate sphere of operations he was happy to be able to refer to the resumption of diplomatic relations toward chile and Peru. A further most important factor conmuting towards economic stability was that practically all the important countries had now linked their monetary systems to the gold standard.

OUTLOOK FOR BRITISH FOREIGN TRADE

With regard to the outlook for British foreign trade, there accured justification for a reasonable measure of optimism, and is was satisfactory to observe the growth in value of the total arouts during the current year to date, although the figures for September were not so good as in the preceding months. It was gratifying also to notice the indications of improved relations between Capital and Labour. Further, it was of importance that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was able in his last Budget Speech to announce a scheme for the relief of industry from part of the burden of local rates.

Generally speaking, the 12 months in South America had been characterised by continuous economic and commercial progress is many directions, and the importance with which an increase is transport facilities was regarded was shown by the fact that the principal States had in view large programmes of road construction, in addition to other public works of prime necessity is future development. It was difficult to find any vital adverse fater in the present general economic situation of Argentina. The country enjoyed a very considerable measure of prosperity; the national revenue exceeded expenditure, and further enhancement of the Republic's wealth might anticipated.

LARGER BALANCE SHEET FIGURES

The main feature of the balance sheet was that their total forces were considerably larger than a year ago, which was assumed for to a very considerable extent by the fact that the extents had further pursued the policy of consolidation of their interests at home and abroad, having taken over the Argentine bainess of the British Bank of South America as from December 1997 and place the largest purious properties.

imments at home and abroad, having taken over the Argentine business of the British Bank of South America as from December 1, 1927, and also the London business of that bank as from January 1 last.

The process of stabilisation had inevitably involved some reduction in interest rates in the countries where they operated, with a consequent narrowing in the margin of their earnings, but the normal increase in the bank's business had been more than saident to cover such shrinkage. At the same time that they found their margin of earnings tending to decrease, the banking legislation now operative in many countries, as also the social laws enforced there, necessitated a continued increase in their capanes. In these circumstances shareholders would readily raise that it was only by the most rigid adherence to a policy at concomy, and by consistently studying the most up-to-date methods of business efficiency and adopting them where best calculated to serve such policy, that they were able to show that their earnings had expanded at a greater pace than their expendium, resulting in a small increase in net profits.

ASSOCIATED INSTITUTIONS

ASSOCIATED INSTITUTIONS

The British Bank of South America declared for the year and December, 1927, its usual dividend of 10 per cent. In regard to their other associated institutions, their colleagues on the board of the Banque Anglo-Sud Américaine, Société Anonyme, bars, écided to retain their profits for 1927 in the business of the institution so as to strengthen the position in view of the saucial adjustments in France consequent upon stabilisation of the currency. Their American auxiliary, the Anglo-South American Trust Co., New York, continued to make satisfactory prosms, baving maintained its dividend at 5 per cent. and added a further \$50,000 to reserve, and the Banco de A. Edwards y Cia, of Valparaiso, had again declared a dividend of 16 per cent. for the year ended June, 1928. The Banque Générale Belge, Antayn, recorded a further expansion in profits during 1927, enabled the dividend to be maintained at 18 per cent. and a larger alectation to be made to reserves. During the course of the year the capital of the bank had been increased from Fcs. 100,000,000 to Fcs. 250,000,000, and the scope of its activities and influence had been considerably enlarged.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and a final finished was declared of 5s. per share, less tax.

Welwyn Garden City

The increasing industrial development and the corresponding growth of population at Welwyn Garden City necessitates a further issue of Debenture Stock.

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£200,000

61% DEBENTURE STOCK

for expenditure on general development-houses, roads and public services.

A social investment which gives a regular return and is well secured. The last issue of this Stock was oversubscribed.

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ENGLISH STOCKINGS LIMITED

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917)

CAPITAL £450,000

divided into

4,500,000 shares of 2/- each

DIRECTORS:

HENRY ERNEST GARLE, Chairman of Kirklees Limited (Chairman) ERNEST VARLEY HAIGH, Managing Director of John Hetherington & Sons, Limited SARGENT TERRY HARMAN, Director of Branston Artificial Silk Company, Limited An Issue will be made on Monday next, October 22nd, of 4,500,000 Shares of 2/-each at par.

The Prospectus shows that :-

1. The Company acquires the whole of the Ordinary Share Capital (less 500 Shares) of the Klinger Manufacturing Company Limited.

2. That it subscribes at par for 198,050 ten per cent. Cumulative Participating Preferred Ordinary Shares of £1 each of the Klinger Manufacturing Company Limited.

3. That through John Hetherington and Sons Limited (the sole licensees for the British Empire, excluding Canada) it supplies the Klinger Company in priority of other customers with 100 High-Speed

in priority of other customers with 100 High-Speed Circular Knitting Machines.

4. That the Company has been formed to acquire and develop further businesses of a similar nature as and when opportunities occur.

5. The business of the Klinger Manufacturing Company has expanded continuously since its inception, sales having risen from a value of £112,432 in 1922 to £678,878 in 1928, and the annual production has increased from 3,082,962 stockings in 1922 to 20,218,056 in 1928. The Directors are convinced that the progressive increase of profits from 1922 to 1925 (viz., from £15,702 to £63,248) can, under the new regime and with the adequate financial resources now being provided, be resumed and intensified. The Board estimates that the output can be raised considerably, and that by making full use of recent inventions, notably in regard to "full-fashioned" hosiery and the Maratti High-Speed Circular Knitting Machines, still further expansion can be achieved.

Prospectuses are obtainable from the Company's Bankers:

BARCLAY'S BANK LIMITED, 54 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3, and branches.
NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED, 15 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.3, and branches.

and from the Brokers to the issue: GREENER DREYFUS & COMPANY, 451 Salisbury House, London, E.C.2.
W. H. DICKINSON & COMPANY, The Temple, Dale Street, Liverpool.
or at the REGISTERED OFFICES of the Company, 11 Angel Court, London, E.C.2.

Company Meetings

WASTE FOOD PRODUCTS

DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENTERPRISE

The STATUTORY MEETING of Waste Food Products, Ltd., was held on October 17 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street,

The STATUTORY MERTING of Waste Food Products, Ltd., was held on October 17 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London.

Mr. Douglas B. W. Markham (the Chairman) presided, and in summarising the progress which had taken place since the Company was formed three months ago, said that they had been constituted principally to acquire the Drysdale Manufacturing Company, Messrs. W. Hornett's business, and the Matusa Works and, last, but most important, the patents of Mr. John Lewis, who was their Managing Director.

When they brought out this company he (the speaker) was afraid that the public did not realize the possibilities that were before them, but he thought the public had now got just a slight idea of what they could achieve. They were only a small company—£150,000 capital—but he firmly believed that the company would prove to be one of the great industrial concerns not only of this country but of the world. (Hear, hear.) They had acquired the world patents from Mr. John Lewis for the ridiculous figure of £10,000. They then set forth to consolidate their supplies. They started off with two very fine contracts—one with Messrs. Lyons for five years, with the company's option to renew for a further five years, and the same conditions prevailed with regard to the A.B.C. That justified their erection of a plant which would utilise Mr. Lewis's patents to get their wonderful extraction and products for which they would receive—and they had contracts for several years shead—moneys which would pay the shareholders very good dividends.

RAPID EXPANSION

Dealing with Foreign Patents the Chairman said that in order to protect their name they had registered seven properties. The first subsidiary which they would float—and which had been under-written—was Continental Waste Food Products. That company had a capital of £500,000, of which £100,000 would be in £1 participating preference shares asking 46 per cent of the profits. These shares would be taken by this company as part of the purchase consideration. (Hear, hear.) T

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, LTD

AN EVERYDAY NECESSITY

The Annual General Meeting of Raphael Tuck & Sons, lai was held on Thursday last at Raphael House, Moorfields, E.C. was held on Thursday last at Raphael House, Moorfields, E.C.
Mr. Gustave Tuck (chairman and managing director) said had been on occasions suggested that the company's variety of the World's Art Service," by its widespread activities and is continual propaganda had long ago transformed what was east luxury, and might otherwise have remained one, into a everyday necessity. Art in its hundred-and-one phases had increasingly become a vital factor in the lives of all, the balast sheets of this company indicating, as a barometer, the study rise in the public demand for their publications. At the pressumment they had the largest staff on their pay-roll that they had ever had—a strong indication of the vitality of the business. The cristmas Card Department, which was, one of the mat important branches of their activity, continued to make study progress. The company's books maintained a wide vogue apopularity. It was always interesting to produce books which could make their appeal to children of all ages and to addist the child's taste in literature to-day had undergone a good change, and they had to cater for the young in such a way se to interest their minds and stimulate their desire to read.

Their old friend "Father Tuck's Annual" was now aged and the part of the young the produce books when the produce books when the child's taste in literature to-day had undergone a good change, and they had to cater for the young in such a way set to interest their minds and stimulate their desire to read.

to interest their minds and stimulate their desire to read.

Their old friend "Father Tuck's Annual" was now aged it and was more than ever beloved by young children. The varies publications emanating from their book department number over 400—gift books, toy books, painting books, and a series remarkably novel transfer books.

The growth of their calendar trade in recent years secretainly be attributed to the fact that their calendars were largely bought by the public at Christmas time, not merely their own homes, but to send away as Christmas present calendar made an ideal present because it remained with the recipient throughout the whole year. The directors recommend a final dividend on the ordinary shares for the six months total of 8 per cent, for the year. He might say with exaggeration that never did the company's reputation subligher, and never was there a time when they enjoyed in great fullness the confidence and goodwill of the public whom the served.

On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Sir Ard Conan Doyle, the report was unanimously adopted, and S Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Reginald Tuck, Bart., re-elected directors.

VALUABLE BOOKS FOR SALE

Charlotte Yonge's Novels and Tales. 36 vols. Presentation copies from the Authoress. Rare collection. £6 6s.

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DIRMINGHAM NEW HOSPITAL CENTRE.—Required a whole-time Secretary to the Executive Board, salary £1,500 per annum, minimum period of appointment guaratted; experience of hospital organization and administration airable.—For further details apply The Town Clerk, Council News, Rigningham

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